

# THE DIAL:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR

LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

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EDITOR.

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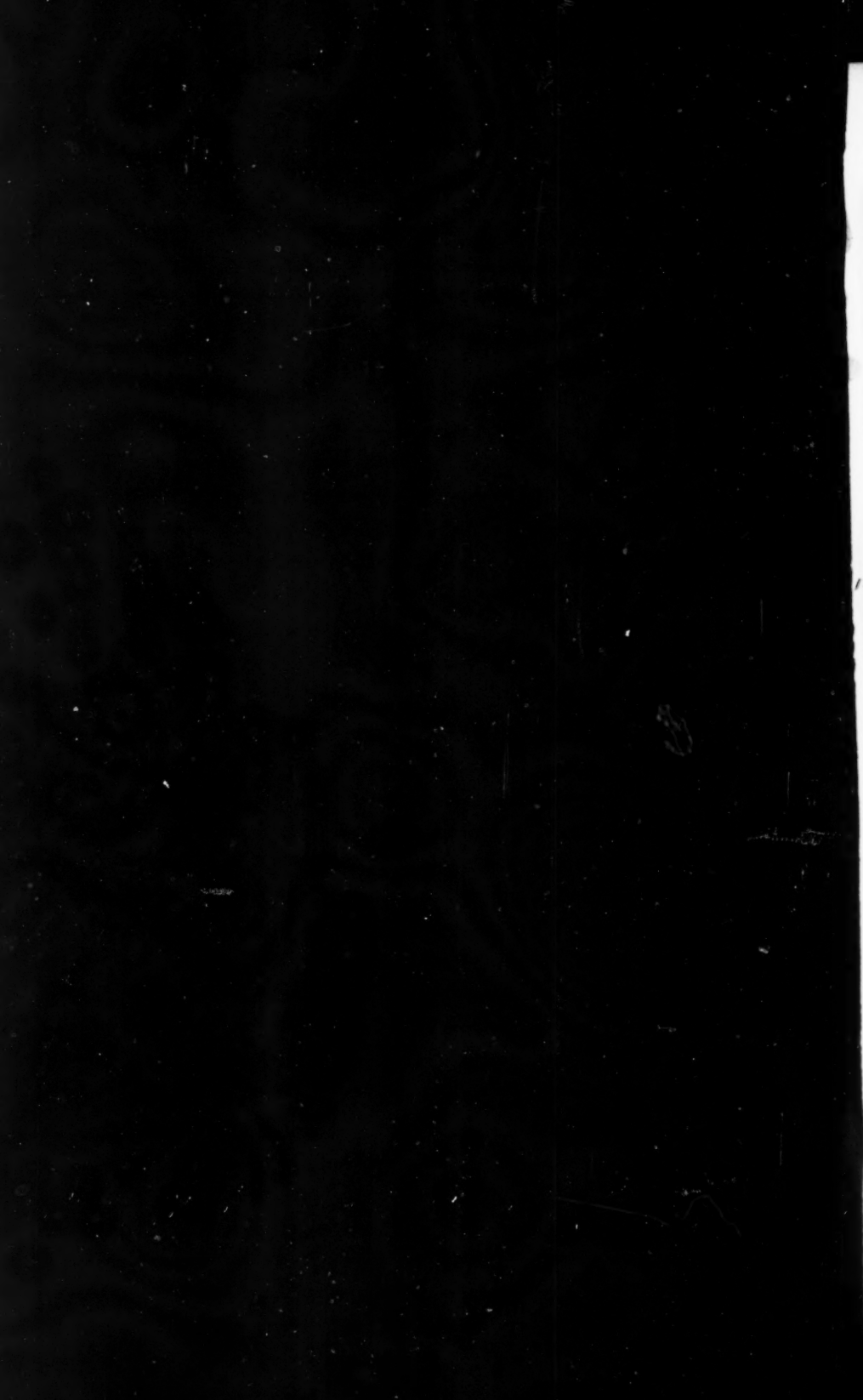
*Horas non numero nisi serenas.*

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# THE DIAL.

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No. 1.

## A WORD TO OUR READERS.

ONLY that which is alive can impart life. And the magazine which we now introduce to our countrymen can not live but by the life it can supply. Such reciprocal vitality, we believe, must depend on the degree in which it shall be representative of the Spirit of the Age—a phrase which we fear is too common-place to carry with it always its deep purport. What can the Spirit of an Age mean but that leading tendency, coördinating all interests, which gives to that age an individual character and a special strength? Why should not this individuality and specialty be as sacred in an age as in a man? Every faithful man has found God at the core of the special task assigned to his life; with no other friend than his work, he is upheld, inspired, empowered: there he is at home, there are the beacon-lights; there it matters not whether wind and tide be ahead or astern. So does God draw nigh to an age in the spirit of that age. Christ declared that out of his Word and Work should come a Spirit which should convince the world. The conviction of an age is its only possible Christianity: the deepest thing of its own time, Christianity must be the deepest thing of every time. To be alive and powerful, it must represent the conviction of the time that is, not of the time that was: it must not take a man whose every other sense and faculty is satisfied in the fulness of the Nineteenth Century, and set him, for the satisfaction of his religious sense, back in the Third; it must not place a man's holiest day of the week fifteen hundred years behind his other days. Heine, the German poet, was asked, by his friend Alphonso, as they stood before the great

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Cathedral of Rheims, "Why can not the present age build such cathedrals as that?" "That structure," replied Heine, "was reared by an age of convictions; ours is an age of opinions." There was a period when the Roman Catholic church represented that which was deepest, most immortal in the masses of men. The mitre was not then the crown of a despot; the crosier had not sharpened into the bayonet or coiled into the thumbscrew; and the loyal human heart, once won, will suffer long ere it recall a plighted faith. But the awful day came; a higher conviction arrived embodying that Spirit at whose touch the Right and the Wrong stand together at the bar of judgment; and from that day the Church which would not abandon the unveiled wrong could build no more great cathedrals! "Shall we not rather find," says Ruskin, "that Romanism, instead of being a promoter of the arts, has never shown itself capable of a single great conception since the separation of Protestantism from its side? So long as, corrupt though it might be, no clear witness had been borne against it, so that it still included in its ranks a vast number of faithful Christians, so long its arts were noble. But the witness was borne, the error made apparent, and Rome, refusing to hear the testimony, or forsake the falsehood, has been struck from that instant with an intellectual palsy, which has not only incapacitated her from any further use of the arts which were once her ministers, but has made her worship the shame of its own shrines, and her worshippers their destroyers."

In course of time, Protestantism, in the forms which it assumed, became in turn a tradition rather than a conviction; a thing borne with sufferance, not with joy. As a conviction, it culminated in the planting of New England; then its spirit began a slow ebb. Then rose up the prophets of a new faith and hope; and Channing, Freeman, Hollis, the Wares, the Buckminsters, easily gained the throne of American Thought. After them came a period of theological empiricism, confusing a specific and temporary movement with the eternal and progressive spirit on which the Unitarian movement was but another bead strung. Again was the witness borne, and the command FORWARD heard. But the prophets were stoned, the Lord at his coming denied. With what result? He who looks for Boston Unitarianism will see a series of stranded churches—churches once alive, now disintegrated, sold at auction to other sects, here and there a fusion of two or three in one to



preserve even the "name that they live," pastors leaving them for the fleshpots of orthodoxy, vainly crying to heaven or beyond the sea for shepherds. The tide of the spirit of the age beating so full on other shores has ebbed away, leaving them high and dry. Old fashioned Unitarianism, says Dr. Bellows, has become a Boston notion; and the faith of Christendom is in a state of suspense.

Has the spirit which convinces the world, which conquers human hearts, filling them with a courage and hope which have no "suspense," left the world? Surely, it must take some conviction to build up on half a continent free schools and colleges grand as the old cathedrals. Surely, it must be a somewhat active spirit which in a few years has multiplied a few anti-slavery men, holding hated conferences in garrets, into two millions of open lovers of and voters for freedom. And must it not have been something else than a suspense of faith which, in less than fifteen years, has raised up twenty-seven ministers, and more than as many thousands of the laity, to stand boldly where in 1845 Theodore Parker and his congregation stood alone in the United States? It is a law that nothing is ever superseded but by something better; and our eyes have no tears for the old blossoms which are falling, because they are fixed on the swelling fruits for which they make way.

The soul which has had its new advent, and now has its star climbing the ecliptic, must needs organize itself into the members and features which worldly conditions have ever made necessary for a new-born spirit. It has built its Pulpit; it has ruled in the Lyceum; it has impressed as servants those who would not be its sons; it has married Science; it now calls for the Press.

THE DIAL stands before you, reader, a legitimization of the Spirit of the Age, which ASPIRES TO BE FREE: free in thought, doubt, utterance, love and knowledge. It is, in our minds, symbolized not so much by the sun-clock in the yard, as by the floral dial of Linnæus, which recorded the advancing day by the opening of some flowers and the closing of others: it would report the Day of God as recorded in the unfolding of higher life and thought, and the closing up of old superstitions and evils; it would be a Dial measuring time by growth.

## THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST.

[First Article.]

## CHRISTIANITY NOT OF CHRIST.

THE Christianity of Christ: it should be needless to use this phrase; for what is Christianity but the Christianity of Christ? Platonism is the doctrine of Plato; Epicurism is the doctrine of Epicurus; Calvinism is the doctrine of Calvin; Socinianism is the doctrine of Socinus; Buddhism is the religion of Buddha; Mohammedanism is the religion of Mohammed. By the same rule of speech, Christianity is the religion of Christ: not any faith in him, or concerning him, but the faith that was his own, the faith which he held and taught. But the word *Christianity*, as commonly employed, bears no such meaning as this. In the widest sense, it denotes the prevailing opinions of all Christendom respecting Jesus; in a narrower sense, it defines the doctrines of particular sects in Christendom. It includes every form of religion that has Christ for its centre, whether as Godhead, Logos, Prophet, Teacher, or Exemplar. It is applied to a system of speculative theology, within which there is room for every possible definition, and every imaginable notion. There is no infallible judgment in philosophy; there are no final dogmas in metaphysics; every strong argument is valid, and none is conclusive; every honest opinion is legitimate, and none is authoritative. There is no end, therefore, to the views that may be taken of Christianity. Anybody may prove himself a Christian in the vulgar sense who thinks the name worth claiming, and he forfeits all title to ingenuity who can not frame a pretext for assuming it, whether he be Hegelian or Swedenborgian, a disciple of Neander or of Feurbach. In speculation, the name Christian comprehends all, from the Roman Catholic to the dissenter from all dissenters. In practice, it comprehends the two extremes of saintliness and decency. To give it significance, it must be defined anew; we must say that Christianity is not any system of belief whatever respecting Christ, but is the faith which Christ himself as a person held and communicated; and in order to learn what Christianity is, we must adopt the new method of historical criticism, instead of the old one of dogmatic theology.

There never was a time when Christianity was free from controversy. Disputes about its very essence arose among the Apostles themselves, and became bitter quarrel within a generation after the death of Jesus. The second and third centuries are marked deeply with the traces of theological strife within the church. In the fourth and fifth centuries, Christianity was all but torn in pieces by controversial rage. The party that was most respectable in number was least respectable in temper; and if for any brief period one of the contending sects might, from its momentary position, claim for itself the sole possession of orthodox Christianity, it instantly invalidated its own claim by a display of intolerant fury that would have disgraced a Jew. The Roman church, painfully and late, established an apparent uniformity of belief in western Europe; but its definition of Christianity was from the first powerfully disputed, and at no period deserved to be called the one faith, catholic and universal. Centuries of controversy preceded it; centuries of controversy disturbed its peace. It was, at best, but one interpretation of Christianity among many, and its prominence as an interpretation was due mainly to the political eminence of its seat, very little to its philosophical and religious character—not at all to its conformity with the teachings of Christ.

The Protestant movement made a ghastly rent in the seamless coat of infallible orthodoxy. Two Christianities glared at each other in western Europe—disputed in words, fought with bloody weapons of war; and while this great battle was waging, other smaller Christianities crept from their hiding places, and took sides. Then Protestantism split into fragments, and each fragment was a new Christianity, carefully distinguishing itself from all the rest. The printing and distributing of the translated Bible caused an immense increase in the number of sects. Old men learned the alphabet for the sake of spelling out the sacred text; young people, just past the age of childhood, crowded the churches to hear it read. It was a common thing for several to contribute for the purchase of a single copy of the precious volume, and to retire with it to an upper chamber, or to a forest solitude, there to study its word. In those days of costly books, every German Bible, and especially every English Bible, was the seed of a new doctrine, and it was not long ere Christianity became an unmeaning name. Definitions of Christianity are num-

bered now by hundreds : we have Trinitarians, Socinians, Arians, and Humanitarians ; Lutherans and Calvinists of several shades ; Romanists ; Episcopalians, high and low ; Presbyterians of all sorts ; Congregationalists of many colors ; Moravians, Mennonites, Campbellites ; Quakers, orthodox and heterodox ; Methodists under different names ; Baptists diverse in kind ; Shakers, Universalists, Unitarians, Swedenborgians ; two or three schools of so-called Orthodox ; Dorrelites, Millerites, Mormonites, and multitudes more. Christianity, as commonly understood, is not one thing, but many things. There are numerous Christianities ; there are several hostile and irreconcilable Christianities. How are we to find the true one ? We can not find it unless we have a new definition of the term Christianity, and seek for it as the faith, not of Christendom, but of Christ.

But none of these various, conflicting Christianities can claim to be called the Christianity of Christ. The oldest of them can not advance that claim ; nor can the most eminent. Neither Roman Catholic Christianity nor Protestant Christianity can assert that pretension with any plausibility. If we go down to the primitive dogmas which lie at the basis of every largely-professed system of Christian belief, to those central and root doctrines that are held in common by all the leading sects—which Protestantism, making in them mischievous alterations, borrowed from the elder church, and which that elder church traces back to apostolical traditions—these radical and “essential” doctrines, so-called, have but a nominal connection with Christ : they bear his name, and that is all.

The religion of Jesus is the peculiar form which the religious sentiment took in the soul of Jesus ; it is identified, therefore, with his person. But Christianity as commonly professed has its origin in forms of the religious sentiment that were antecedent to the birth of Christ, and as respects its elemental dogma might have grown up independently of him. Its connection with him is accidental, rather than substantial. Christianity is the legitimate offspring of intercourse between the Eastern and the Western thought, both passing through the medium of Judaism. During the long term of their Babylonish captivity, the Jews, as their apocryphal books declare, had become familiar with the religion of Persia, and had softened with the philosophy of oriental mysticism the hard features of their ancient Hebrew faith.

The space between man and God is filled up with angels and demi-gods; a belief in incarnation prevails; the two principles, Ormuzd and Ahriman, modestly take their place in Jewish theosophy; speculations upon the nature of God are common, and assume the Eastern cast of thought; and in several minor points, as we shall see presently, the character of Judaism was essentially modified. On the other side, through the Alexandrian Philo, the philosophic Jew, the Hebrew religion was brought in contact with the Western thought, and soon became blended inextricably with it. Thus, before Christ appeared, the three currents of speculation—the Persian, the Hebrew, and the Greek—had mingled in one stream, which was directing its course westward. This was the fountain-head of the Christian church. As it passed through Judea, it chanced that the name of Christ was bestowed upon it, giving it a human interest, and linking it with historical associations. The pure ideas of the East and West received from Christ a local and historical reality; the heavenly Logos of Philo wanted nothing but human personality, and this personality was furnished by Christ. It was due rather to accident, therefore, than to necessity, that the religious belief of the Western world was called Christian: that belief itself, as a system of theology, existed in embryo before Jesus was born, and might have come to its maturity without any forming agency of his.

It is no impossible or extremely difficult task, though it is a tedious and laborious one, to prove that Christianity is not of Christ. Its central doctrines are borrowed directly from the world's philosophy, which we loosely and reproachfully name Paganism. Take its doctrine of a threefold personality in the being of God—the doctrine of Trinity; this is demonstrably of Pagan extraction. The Roman Catholic church confesses that it is not taught in Scripture, and receives it on the authority of tradition purely. The dogma of Trinity is the offspring of Gentile philosophy; not that in its perfect statement it can be found in Gentile philosophy, either Platonic or Persian, but the seed and root of it is there. It is of Gentile parentage, and was nursed by Gentile influences. The Krept, Phtha and Reith, of Egypt; the Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, of India,—give us a dim foreshadowing of the Christian doctrine. When Plato teaches that God is distinct from the created world, and yet is one with it, because it is the reflection of his perfect mind; when he

teaches that God is absolute Goodness, and that Goodness has begotten a Son, he furnishes a hint to the same purpose. But we need go no further back than the Logos doctrine of Philo, itself a fair and inevitable deduction from the "Ideas" of Plato, to prove that the Christian Trinity has a Gentile origin; for its whole history is but a history of that Logos doctrine, as it was assumed and amplified by the debates of the Christian Fathers. The doctrine of Trinity was of gradual and slow formation. There was no Trinity in the time of Christ; none in the age of the Apostles; none in the first century; none in the second century; strictly speaking, none in the third century. Justin Martyr is no Trinitarian; no more is Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, or Origen. Tertullian does not teach the doctrine, neither does Lactantius or Cyprian. It was a development, through a long course of controversy, of the old Philonic theme, the Logos; and these controversies were conducted in accordance with the old philosophical methods. The issue made did not lie between the doctrine of Christ and other doctrines that were not of Christ, but between doctrines neither of which were at all identified or associated with Christ, but merely represented antagonistic schools of philosophy. Take the Arian controversy, for instance, which did so much to define the belief of the future church. The dispute here was between two distinct schools of speculative thought, the Western and the Eastern, the Alexandrian or Philonic, and the Persian and rabbinical, the orientalized Platonic and the occidentalized Zoroastrian. According to the former system, which was victorious in the name of Athanasius, the Son, as the divine Logos, existed eternally with God, having an absolute and necessary being independent of God's particular will; only as a distinct person did he have his birth, before the creation, but in time. According to the other system, which Arius supported, and which was defeated, the Son had no absolute, eternal being, and was wholly non-existent until created before the foundation of the world by a special act of the divine will. It is true that the condemned theory was unquestionably heathen, being no other than the ancient emanation theory of the Persians. But the conquering theory was heathen no less, borrowing its lineage directly from Plato; and as defeat does not make Arius a Pagan, victory does not make Athanasius a Christian. The dogma of Trinity is held by men who call themselves disciples of Christ, but it has no

more claim on that account to be considered a Christian dogma, than has the theory of Laplace respecting the genesis of the universe, or the theory of Reichenbach respecting odyllic forces, both of which are held by persons calling themselves Christians.

The philosophical origin of the Trinity is now conceded by multitudes. But the other fundamental doctrines of Christianity may be, even more easily than this one, traced to a Gentile source. The doctrine of the Fall, in passing over to Christianity, was hardly modified in its form, and in substance remained essentially unchanged. Plato teaches that the spirits which, through inability to maintain their pristine state of heavenly purity, were seized with confusion, oblivion, and sloth, fell from heaven, and assuming a mortal form, became men. The mythus is too long to be extracted in full here, but may be found in the "*Phædrus*." Its analogy with the Christian mythus is very striking. In fact, it is the same thing, only clothed in the historical shape which it borrowed from the Book of Genesis. Let it be granted that Plato ascribes the Fall to the want of spiritual power, to natural inability to rise, or to remain in the sphere of the Absolute, while Christianity ascribes the Fall to an act of wilfulness, by which man tore himself away from God, and exalted his will above the divine will; still, inasmuch as this particular act of wilfulness was due to a disposition, a power or a want of power lying back of each separate determination, the two views do not differ so much as at first they seemed to. Both agree in suggesting that the condition which is natural to man in his present state is not his primeval one; that the cause of the Fall, whatever notion of moral guilt may be attached to it, exists outside of man's temporal consciousness, and precedes the individual volition; that man himself, his true nature alone considered, is different from man as he appears in mortal existence, as different as an angelic being is from an imperfect and guilty one. Granting, too, that according to Plato the Fall is the descent of a pure spirit from heaven to earth, while according to Christianity it is the descent of a man from a state of moral perfection to a state of moral depravity, this circumstance does not in the least affect the similarity of the two ideas; for, not to urge the obvious thought that, in either case, the change is first an inward and then an outward one, a lapse from a higher to a lower state of spirituality, followed by a lapse from a higher to a lower state of existence,



it must be remembered that the erring Adam was expelled from paradise, where he had been dwelling in perfect innocence, and his paradise bears the same relation to the common earth he afterwards inhabited sorrowfully that Plato's heaven bore to man's mortal estate. It is doubtful whether Plato's philosophism would ever have been incorporated with Christianity, if his disciple Philo had not accepted it as a theory of man's good and evil, and applied it to the mythical narrative in the Book of Genesis, itself probably a fragment of the old Persian traditions. Philo, evidently possessed by Plato's thought—for he imputes the fall of Adam, not to any moral guilt, but solely to his weakness and imperfection—describes his condition before and after that catastrophe in almost the very words of Christian theologians. He speaks of the earth as a strange country, of mortal life as a pilgrimage through straits and necessities, of death as a return home. The doctrine of the fall is fundamental in Christian theology; without it the "scheme of redemption" would not have been at all what it is. But this doctrine owes its existence to Plato, and to a disciple of Plato who lived at Alexandria, who had never heard of Christ, who was a Jew, but tenfold more a philosopher, who endeavored to sublimate Judaism, and who earned his fame by mediating between the Eastern and Western thought.

The Christian doctrine of the Incarnation is as old as human thought and feeling, as human wonder and human aspiration. In all primeval religions we meet with precisely the same belief. The religion of India gives a prominent place to the ten avatars, descents or incorporations of Vishnu, which this guardian god of the world made for the purpose of delivering mankind from physical and moral destruction; from floods, monsters, giants and evil demons, the authors of wickedness and impiety. In the Persian religion we find the legend of Mithras, the creative deity and mediator, standing between the upper and the lower world, and bringing light and mercy to those dwelling in the darkness of the perishable earth. The Osiris of the Egyptian religion corresponds to the Mithras of the Persian: he is a god, beneficent and suffering, a redeemer, dying in his endeavor to redeem. The belief in incarnation penetrating the whole mind of the Orientals, and affording the noblest field for the play of the imagination, gave rise to all those beautiful myths and poems which tell us nearly all we know of the religion of the East.



In the West we find an analogous doctrine in the belief in heroes and hero worship which characterized the religious systems of Greece. The story of Perseus, the god-man, born of Jupiter and Danaë; of Hercules, likewise the offspring of the highest god and a mortal mother, and uniting in himself the human attributes and the divine, gifted with supernatural power, and representing the ideal of virtue in that primeval time, laboring for the welfare and salvation of men, destroying monsters in human and in beastly shape, the enemy of evil, the foe of tyrants, the conqueror of death itself, descending at last into the underworld, and returning thence unharmed, thus breaking the might of the grave; the variously told story of Dionysius derives its significance from the belief in incarnations. All these myths were of Oriental origin, and changed their character somewhat when adopted by the Grecian mind. There is a marked difference between the incarnation theory of the East and that of the West, a difference sufficiently well expressed by saying that in the East the gods became men, in the West the men became gods; in the East the divine element predominated over the human, in the West the human predominated over the divine. The glories of the Oriental religion did not allow the mingling of the spiritual with the fleshly; the immortal, therefore, only appeared in a human shape. They were not men, but they *seemed* to be men. They had no animal qualities, no earthly body, no passions, no infirmities. Djenschid was one of the most glorious of the lords of light who ever came to the globe; but there was no blending of the celestial and the terrestrial in his person. Mithras was pure god with only the semblance of humanity. Vishnu is said to have been born of a virgin, and may be supposed therefore to have assumed in part the attributes of man; but in his case the union of the two elements is indistinct, abnormal and grotesque, and the immortal part remains almost as much by itself as if the mortal was not attached. The Greek heroes, on the other hand, were solid men, made of flesh and blood. Their human part was no mere shadow of their divinity, did not vanish and become as nought in the overpowering splendor of the Godhead, but asserted itself as of kin with the Godhead. They rose to be gods not by meditation and longing, but by action, awakening and developing the deity that *dwelt* and wrought within them. They exhibited a self-sacrificing love for country and their kind, a patient and united courage in the performance of

duty, a holy obedience to the commands of the Eternal. They illustrated God. They were inspired, being so completely human; their mediation was the more perfect, for they could sympathize with men, bear their burdens, understand their temptations, exemplify righteousness to them so that they could imitate it, be to them, in one word, deities on earth.

At first view, the Christian doctrine of Incarnation seems to differ from both of these equally. The union of the two natures in Christ is not represented or paralleled either in Vishnu or in Hercules. The difference, however, is formal, not material, and an examination leads to the conviction that the Christian doctrine grew out of neither of these separately, but out of them both combined. Here, again, Christian theology has mediated between the Eastern and the Western thought. It is undeniable that the orthodox doctrine respecting the person of Jesus was the result of controversy between the Oriental and the Occidental systems; between those who laid stress upon the divinity and those who emphasized the humanity of Christ. One party contended that Jesus had a mortal body, in all respects like that of other men. Another party maintained that his body was not made of mortal stuff; that it was a "spiritual" body, insensible to pain, requiring no nourishment. This was the Persian theory, and was accepted by Clement of Alexandria, and Origen, authorities in the church. The doctors disputed about the soul of Jesus, as they did about his body. The Alexandrian Fathers were Orientals, contending that the Logos took the place of the rational and spiritual nature in Christ. Tertullian was an Occidental, holding that the soul of Christ was like that of other men. The semi-Arians again accepted the Persian view. All agreed that Christ was sinless. In the controversies respecting the mode in which this union of two natures in one person was effected, the influence of these two types of speculation is very clearly discernable. Were the two elements commingled, and how? Was the personality a human personality made divine by moral obedience, or was a divine one made human by condescension? It is useless to enter into these discussions here. Enough that at the bottom of them all lay this antagonism, if we may give it so harsh a name, between the religious theories of Greece and Persia, and that the church was satisfied when it had done its best to combine the two.

The belief in an Immaculate Conception is a necessary consequent

upon the doctrine of Incarnation, except when the Redeemer's body is a mere form, a shadow, an apparition-body visible only to the eye and made invisible at will, which was the opinion of the Doceta and of the writer of John's Gospel. In such a case as with Djenschid and Mithras, no birth at all is necessary. But the Grecian heroes were all born of virgins. To the mother of Hercules the seer Tiresias spoke, "Be of good cheer, thou mother of a glorious offspring: blessed art thou among Argive women,"—almost the very words addressed by the angel to the virgin mother of Jesus.

The doctrines of Atonement held by the Catholic and Protestant churches were absolute creations of the schoolmen, as late as the eleventh century, and can therefore with no plausibility claim to be called Christian, unless by Christ we mean Anselm of Canterbury, and Thomas Aquinas.

The Christian doctrines respecting heaven and hell, the condition and destiny of departed spirits, angels and devils, and Satan the prince of devils, existed in Persia from time immemorial, and were brought thence, as everybody knows, by the Jews.

The Christian doctrine respecting human nature and the human lot is as ancient as the fabled origin of Zoroastrism, being a natural inference from the belief in a fall from primeval state of heaven. Philo's writings are full of passages that might be literally rendered into the formularies of the popular theology.

Plato likewise teaches unequivocally the doctrine of eternal punishment, and in the "Republic" describes the place of judgment, the judges with the souls of men assembled before them, and the two ways: that to the right conducting the good to the seats of bliss, that to the left conducting the evil to the abode of misery.

"If any New Testament doctrine" says Gfrörer, in his "Urchristenthum," "is of Alexandrine extraction, it is the doctrine of saving and effectual grace."

The Christian doctrine of Faith has its parallel, point for point, in the Platonic doctrine of Love. As Faith is at once of divine and human birth, on one side a gift of the divine grace, on the other side a voluntary direction of the human soul towards the infinite, so Love, according to Plato, has this twofold nature, being at the same the result of inspiration and of longing.

The origin of the Christian Sacraments is involved in some obscurity, but that they were derived from the ancient mysteries

admits now of little doubt. The early Fathers of the church confessed the resemblance between the symbols employed in the Mithras mysteries and those used at the supper. Tertullian allows their significance to be the same. Justin Martyr ascribes their identity to the influence of evil spirits. Von Hammer notes that the bloodless offering with bread and the cup is purely Persian. But the Christian Sacraments bear a closer analogy to the mysteries than is suggested by the mere identity of symbols. There is a near resemblance of meaning. As the mysteries had reference to the suffering deities of nature, so the sacraments have reference to the suffering god-man; life and death, sin and atonement, giving significance to the doctrines and rites of both. Christianity perceives the necessity of expressing its abstract thought in material forms, and selects the very same emblems which the ancient naturalism had invented. Water, the element of purification in the latter, is in Christianity the symbol of consecration to the higher life. Bread and wine, the representations in all the old religions of high life, spiritual truth, hold the same place in the Christian rite of "communion," as the emblems of that heavenly bread which feeds the soul, and of that heavenly vine whose juice is the life-blood of each believer's heart. An additional proof that the sacraments of the church were suggested by the heathen mysteries, appears in the historical fact that, about the time of Constantine, a so-called "*disciplina arcani*," a secret or esoteric teaching, was formed, and intimately associated with the Supper, which received the character of the ancient mysteries!

Christianity's obligations to the elder religions for its symbols are extremely heavy, as any one, by reading Creuzer's "*Symbolik*," or Didron's "*Iconographie Chretienne*," may easily discover. Its cyphers and emblems and illustrations of Trinity, its representations of the virgin mother and child, are exactly copied from the Indian and Persian drawings. A painting at St. Reim in Rheims, of St. John the Evangelist, with a circular nimbus surrounded by two sun-flowers, is almost line for line like the numerous Egyptian figures, from the head of which two lotus flowers rise in a similar manner, with crossing stems. The cross which decorates the nimbus around the head of the Almighty, in some early paintings, corresponds curiously with the cross that decorates the halo surrounding the head of Buddhist and Hindu divinities, and is more likely to have been suggested by that than

by the cross of the Savior's crucifixion, which could not without impropriety be given to the Father. The Hindu goddess Maya wears a cruciform nimbus exactly resembling that worn by figures of God. The circumference of the nimbus, in the same way, is notched, and its field striated with luminous sparks, while parallel with the temples and forehead, stretching beyond the circumference, three clusters of rays shoot forth, corresponding precisely with the cross lines in the divine nimbus of Christian art. The nimbus upon the head of the Savior often resembles a terrestrial globe, and reminds us at once of numerous figures in Egyptian iconography, that bear the world on their heads. Such correspondences are not accidental, nor are they insignificant; for every symbol is a doctrine, and not only a doctrine, but a central and root doctrine.

With these facts before us—and a closer research would discover many more such—is it not a fair conclusion that Christianity is not of Christ? By what right is the name of Christ attached to doctrines which existed centuries before he was born, to which he contributed nothing, to which he did not so much as give his countenance, and which probably he never heard of? The doctrines may be true: that is not the question. They are not held as being true, but as being Christian. They are not recommended to the philosophical on grounds of reason, but are dogmatically asserted in spite of reason, on the authority of Christ. The popular Christianity, under every existing form thereof, may be supposed true without being supposed Christian. It may be supposed false, also, without the slightest disrespect to the religion of Jesus. It is a mixed system of mysticism and metaphysics, dependent for every one of its essential parts upon the human philosophy which it derides, and owing its very existence to the ancient religion which it claims to have overthrown.

Still, it may be contended that Christianity is Christian, inasmuch as it is the offspring of Christianized minds, which, drawing their material from the dogmas already existing in the world, were diligent in remoulding and reconstructing them in accordance with the faith of Jesus. But, even were this true, the dogmas themselves by such a process do not become Christian. Can a Christian man have none but Christian ideas? And are all the notions which professing Christians may entertain on religious matters to be ascribed to Jesus? But let this pass. How stands the fact

itself? Were they Christianized minds that constructed the creeds of the church? It is notorious that the Christian Fathers, early and late, were Gentile philosophers, who held fast to their philosophy, and prided themselves upon it to the end. Justin Martyr was a revering disciple of Plato before he became a Christian, and was no less one after his conversion. He regarded his new faith as a supplement to his old philosophy. "The doctrines of Plato," he says, "are not foreign to Christianity. When we Christians say that all things are created and ruled by God, we seem to utter a thought of Plato, and between our view of God's being and his, the article makes the sole distinction." Clement of Alexandria gloried in Grecian philosophy, and especially in Plato, with whose writings he delighted to enrich his own pages. He loved to draw comparisons between Platonic and Christian doctrines, held that true philosophy and true religion were one and the same thing, and looked upon Christianity as the perfect and effective Platonism. The learned and influential Origen was a true Platonist, both in letter and in spirit. The very genius of Plato rules and often creates his thought. "Origen," says Huetius, "did not so much accommodate the doctrine of Plato to the dictum of Christ, as reduce the dogmas of Christianity to the rules of Platonic thought." And again: "Origen seems to have transferred the entire academy into the church." Even the dogmatical Irenæus, in his ethical and psychological teaching, and in his doctrine of the Logos, shows his respect for Plato. Eusebius of Cesarea calls Plato the only Greek who pressed into the very porch of Christian truth. And Theodoret avows his belief that this prince of philosophers did much to prepare the way for the new faith. Especially did the famous Augustine acknowledge his own and the world's obligation to the Grecian sage. He too had been a zealous disciple of the academy, and never wholly repudiated his old leaders. His book, called "The City of God," contains some very strong passages; for example: "This very thing which is now called the Christian religion existed with the ancients, and was extant at the commencement of the human race: until Christ came in the flesh, when the true religion which already was known began to be called Christian." And again, in the "Confessions," he says: "If I had first been instructed in the holy books, and had afterwards fallen in with these volumes [the writings of Plato], they might either have torn me away from the foundations of faith, or,



if I had preserved in my heart the wisdom I had imbibed, might have persuaded me that the same could have been found in these books, by one who had been taught from them only." Jerome, the laborious scholar and the renowned saint, though born of Christian parents, received his education in the schools, and was an accomplished philosopher. He repented of his profane studies and abandoned them, but not until they had moulded his mind and established his methods of thought. He himself narrates with solemn asseverations, that, being ill with a fever, so that the heat of life failing his death was expected, he was suddenly caught up in the spirit before the judgment-seat of God, and being questioned as to his condition, and answering "A Christian," it was replied, "Thou liest! thou art a Ciceronian, for where thy treasure is, there thy heart is also." And Jerome was silent, and the Judge commanded him to be scourged severely. But entreating for mercy, and those standing near interceding for him, he was released on promising no more to read secular writings.

The Latin Fathers of the West did not share with the Greek Fathers their admiration of the philosophers. But their dread of philosophy is the strongest possible testimony to the power which it exerted upon Christian speculation, and betrays, like a similar fear in the cardinal Bellarmine, a secret belief in it. When the Pope Clement VIII. proposed introducing the Platonic philosophy as a higher branch of study in the universities, Bellarmine dissuaded him, because, he said, the philosophy of Plato so closely resembles the Christian theology, that those who are seeking for what is Christian will be drawn into it, and restrained from further inquiry. The mystical theology that prevailed in the fifth and sixth centuries was purely philosophical in its origin. The system of Dionysius the Areopagite, says Ackermann, was nothing but Neoplatonism translated into Christianity. Scotus Erigena, one of the most eminent names in speculative thought, was a Platonist. So was, later, the great Anselm of Canterbury, and even St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who found fault with Abelard for being so zealous to prove that Plato was a Christian.

Men like the early Fathers were much better qualified for interpreting the old religious systems, than for understanding the spirit of Jesus, and were more likely to borrow their ideas from Alexandria or Rome than from Nazareth. They were Greeks in native cast of mind, and in acquired culture. Their leading thoughts,

their methods of reasoning, the terms they employed were peculiarly un-Jewish and un-Christian. Their intellectual material, and their mode of working it up, was Gentile. No doubt they received something from Christianity; no doubt Christianity affected them morally and spiritually. But in the popular sense of the word, they did a great deal more for Christianity than Christianity did for them, for they made of it a philosophy, and exalted it to the throne of that imperial thought which for thousands of years has ruled the mind of man.

If, then, we would find the religion of Jesus, we must not seek it in what is called Christianity; we must not look for it among the Fathers of the church. We must abandon our hopeless picking and choosing among the dogmas of the various sects. Nothing will be gained by the old method of controversy, which at the best but analyzes, compares and weighs against one another credences none of which, perhaps, contain the faith of Christ. We must set aside as irrelevant at least, and as based on false assumptions, every received statement respecting the person and the teaching of Jesus, and must go back to the original sources of information to study the problem afresh, by the aid of a better philosophy and a finer criticism.

We have negative interpretations of Christianity enough. We have been told again and again what Christianity is *not*. The Lutheran says it is not Romanism; the Calvinist says it is not Lutheranism; the Socinian says it is not either of these; the Presbyterian says it is not Episcopacy; the Congregationalist says it is not Presbyterianism. Each denomination defines itself against some other, and is more concerned to deny its antagonist error, than to affirm its own truth. Every sect is a heresy, borrowing something from the sect it has abandoned, but emphasizing what it has rejected, not what it has retained. It is known by the doctrines it has abjured. It is created and supported by controversy. If it ceases from disputation, it ceases from being. It endures so long as it is aggressive; for its life is an excited fever of hot strife against what it does not believe, rather than a natural vitality of faith in what it does. The Catholic church snatched its doctrine from the philosophers, whom it straightway denounced as heretics, covering up its act of plunder by casting a suspicion of dishonesty upon the plundered, and securing its prize, not by proving its own right of possession, but by decrying theirs and



refusing even to acknowledge an identity of goods ; doing scarcely anything else for five centuries but affirm that Christianity was not this, and was not that. The Protestant church took what it wanted from the Roman, then turned its back, repudiated its benefactor, and once more spoiled the Egyptians. The divers Protestant sects followed these distinguished examples, until at length each had so much to do, in declaring what was not its own, that no time was left to declare what was.

The Roman Catholic church, though collecting its doctrines from all ages, and from all parts of the world, did nevertheless claim to receive the spirit of truth from Christ himself ; not through the medium of any written scripture, or any formal teaching, but by way of tradition, private and exclusive, and by the influx of his ever-present light. The Protestant churches, though denying that any such channel of communication existed, have not succeeded in opening another, and have occupied themselves wholly with the task of discussing, analyzing, and resolving into its parts that heterogeneous body of dogmas which was assumed to be true in the main, under the name of Christianity.

The truth of these dogmas is now questioned by multitudes. A keen and wide-spread skepticism scrutinizes the received belief of Christendom in all its forms. But the name of Jesus is still revered, and the faith of Jesus is still appealed to, not as a system of dogmatic theology, but as the inspiring principle of divine and human enterprises. It remains to be seen whether this name can be applied to a person, and whether the faith of this person can be discovered : whether we are still to receive influence from a living soul of matchless grandeur and beauty in the past, or whether we must grant that the blessed being whom Christendom has worshipped, is but a heavenly vision, a phantom shape which the spirit of man has projected upon the dark background of history, to represent its ideal of truth, purity, trust and love,—a creature of the imagination, enduring through its loveliness, and reflecting eternal power and glory upon the divine reason that called it into being.

## THE WORD.

[First Paper.]

NOTHING can be regarded as more significant than the new interest which, in the present day, surrounds the study of words. If old Verstegan and Pegge and Horne Tooke could now wake up, they would find themselves famous! Every man of science or philosophy now regards his statement as incomplete without a careful treatment of the bearings of the word. The Humboldts, F. Schlegel, and all the students of races, have made it one cornerstone of their respective edifices. Men of talent, such as Mr. Trench, have arisen in every country to revive for young students old and scattered etymologies; and in America we have at last a young thinker and enthusiast, who has the brave tone of a philosophical explorer. Our allusion is, of course, to Mr. Swinton, the author of the modestly-named work, *Rambles among Words*, whose gold, although it is not thoroughly washed—bearing also marks of hasty mining—is yet of a purer quality than that which any other venturer has brought back from this El Dorado.

A theorem of the word has arisen out of these accumulated histories and analyses, and a Theory of the Word is now the desideratum. There may be found in one or two writers generalizations which will furnish the naturalist of words, when he shall come, the bone from which the whole structure shall be deduced and described—as when Emerson calls words “fossil poetry;” but as yet none of them have furnished a Philosophy of the Word. It is as a contribution in this special direction that this paper is intended.

The first hint of the vast range of this study meets us in the word WORD itself. It is through the Latin *verbum*, from *vir*, the word for MAN. We learn from the inscription over the temple we are entering, that language is a second and higher body which the soul puts forth for expression and self-realization. The word is the manifestation of man, and the true man was well called THE WORD. This explains well enough, also, that the newly-awakened interest in the investigation of words is the result of an age of consciousness. In no other way have we been able to draw so near to ourselves. I find that I was so altered in that dusky, oriental complexion, or that Greek and Roman costume—I was

so theatrical in France and savage among the aborigines, that I did not recognize myself; but having translated myself, ancient Judea and Greece, and other somewhat dim recollections of my past life, are made quite clear. Men have recorded of some barbarous nations that they have no history of their own origin and life; but this assertion only attests the infancy of our philological studies. Where there is speech, there is history; the record is as safely kept in the gibberish of Choctaw and Fejee as is the age of a tree in its rings. Our exacter histories are to theirs as a chronometer to the dial of Linnæus, which denoted the advancing and receding day by the opening and closing of flowers. In the day of life of these unconscious children, each high deed, or larger emotion, or more sacred conviction, when its moment came, flowered to its virtue in the heart and its word upon the tongue. Unlock the word, and you may not indeed find chronology, but you will inevitably find history.

There are, then, *no* "dead languages." As truly as the blood of every people which has existed still survives on earth, so truly do those noble thoughts, which Milton calls "the life-blood of noble spirits," live and throb in their words,—and the richest bloom of intellectual men comes of a transfusion from these full arteries. Thus, though Horne Tooke may call his investigations of quaint derivations *Diversions*, the study of language itself goes deeper than letters and speculation, and demands something beyond literary acumen. Assyria, Greece, Rome, are dead; but the God to whose thought Assyria, Greece, and Rome were but a pictured alphabet, is not dead! To the mind which can spell out that thought from the languages to which it was confided, each true spelling is a gospel or *God's-spell*. Thus we bear with us into our studies the spirit of that old Greek, who, having visited with his friends the temples of the gods, came with them to his own lowly door, and said, "*Let us enter, for here also are the gods.*" Not alone in the seemingly grander temples of science or theology are treasured the wondrous revelations of God to man, but the every-day speech of men, obscure or eminent, is the full garner of the joy that has descended, as the golden apricot is garner of the sunbeams and dew-drops and wind and rain that have descended upon it.

"One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world hath never lost."

One of the oldest traditions concerning the origin of language is that verse of Genesis (ii. 19), where, in the figurative style of the Hebrew, we are told that Jehovah brought all his creatures to Adam, "and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof." This is no doubt true; but if the historian had been an ordinary profane Anglo-Saxon, he would have transmitted the fact far less grandly, and made the matter-of-fact statement that God brought all creatures to Adam to be named, by giving him eyes to see them, and ears to hear them; and that, by the coöperation of personal necessities, each thing signed its own distinctive autograph on his mind. That was its name or noun. This is certified by our knowledge that children first learn to utter names, and that the vocabularies of savage tribes consist mostly of names—i. e., nouns. Sensation, which is first, gives nouns in imitative accordance with the most salient impression of the object. Action, which succeeds sensation, and marks the entrance of will, gives verbs which are nouns in motion or action. Reflection gives adjectives and adverbs, which first assert that the man which distinguishes and chooses is born. The noun, verb, and adverb are distinct periods in the geology of words, and must have demanded for their formation ages proportionate to those which were occupied by primary, secondary, and tertiary in the earth.

Here rises the question, by its ability to answer which, of course, any theory of language must be judged: How came these words to express their special objects or emotions? The doctrine that words were given arbitrarily by any one man, or diffused by any generation of men and transmitted by their children, does not pretend to rest on a philosophical basis, and therefore may be left to sink or swim with the credit of the traditions which are supposed to establish it. The idea of a supernatural gift of words from the Creator must be excluded, by the frequent imperfections of words in expressing the true nature of their objects. For example, the word used for the heavens in the Old Testament, correctly rendered *firmament*, represents the belief of the writer that the sky was a solid arch: a conclusion sufficiently attested by other portions of the book in which it is declared that this wall separated the waters above from the waters beneath, and in which, when rain is spoken of, it is said that the windows of this firmament are opened. Of course, a miraculously-given language would be

scientifically correct. One question, then, arises back of these fancies; this question, namely, Why should firmament be the word to express that which is solid, or circle what is circular, or man man?

I think that our only recourse is to suppose a radical connection between the senses; that the sight, or touch, or associations of an object suggest the sound which most fitly represents that object, and the form, perhaps, of the letter which is, as it were, tap-root of the word. God geometrizes, said Plato; and since that note was sounded the beautiful coördination of all things—of mind and body, and their varied faculties: eye gathering seven colors of its spectrum, ear gathering seven notes of its gamut, and the like analogues—has been the theme of every poet who has followed. Things exist as poetry before they exist as science; and this identity of the senses, a sequence to the fundamental unity of all things, has long been familiar to poetry, whose office is to recognize unity under diversity. Wordsworth describes a shaking leaf as making "eye-music;" Madame de Stael a cathedral as "frozen music"—Coleridge having before called it a "petrified religion;" in which phrases one sense is made the complete symbol of another. We doubt not that it will one day be considered far from absurd that many have described the noise of thunder as black, and that a blind man said that he imagined *red* to be like the sound of a trumpet. We would suggest, then, that whatever prominent traits, or characteristics, or habits objects may have, furnished their nominative sounds. There is a hiss, in nearly all languages, in the word for a serpent—snake, anguis, schlange, sarf, sarpa, etc.; the *s* being the hissing letter, and of imitative serpentine shape; thence, by derivation, the words which include, by enlargement, the sneaking (snake) and creeping (serpens) habits of the animal. An illustration of a name derived from the eye may be gathered from the old Italian writers, who affirm that the Latin word for man, *omo*, is derived from the form of the human face—each eye being an O, and the sides of the face with the nose resembling an M.

But the imitative origin of words would be rendered probable by the imitative origin and shape of letters themselves. And it is quite certain that the nearer we get to the primitive alphabets, the more we observe their descriptive character. We will take,

for an example, the Hebrew, which includes the whole Syriac family, and also the Greek—the latter being but modifications of it:

1. א, *alaph*, Greek Α, *alpha*, signifies in the ancient Chaldaic tongue a ship, but in the Hebrew a bullock, which among the Hebrews bore burdens, as ships did with the Chaldees. It is probable that the letter was in shape originally intended to be a compromise between an ancient ship and an animal with a burden on its back.

2. ב, *beth*, Greek Β, *beta*, is a house, like which, though topped over, it looks.

3. ג, *gimel*, Greek Γ, *gamma*, a small bridge in the ancient Aramaic language, and camel in Hebrew.

4. ד, *daleth*, Greek Δ, *delta*, from *deleth*, a door, and in shape an open door.

5. ה, *hai*, signifying *here it is*. This letter seems in its shape to refer to the house *beth* with the door open in one corner, when compared with the second letter.

These five letters present a related series of images: one starts from the *ship* to the *house*, he passes a small *bridge* in order to reach it, and having opened the *door*, *here he is* in it. In the next six the image is changed to the in-door habits of the people.

6. ו, *vov*, a nail, which it resembles.

7. ז, *sayin*, a club, to which the likeness is plain.

8. ח, *heth*, fire-tongs; so in shape.

9. ט, *teth*, Greek Ξ, *chi*, the fist; the resemblance to the closed hand is evident.

10. י, *yod*, Greek Ι, *iota*, the handle of a pan, evidently.

11. כ, *kaph*, Greek Κ, *kappa*, a plate.

After the man is in the house, he hangs his *arms* or *club* on the *nail*, takes the *fire-tongs* with his *fist*, and lays hold of the *handle of the pan*, then takes his meal from a *plate*.

12. ל, *lamad*, Greek Λ, *lambda*, the cane or switch.

13. מ, *mem*, Greek Μ, *mu*, the water—the resemblance being, however, rather to the mast and spread sail.

14. נ, *nun*, Greek Ν, *nu*, the fish.

15. ס, *samech*, Greek Σ, *sigma*, thick.

16. ע, *agin*, the eye.

17. פ, *peh*, Greek Φ, *phi*, the mouth open, and catching something.

18.  $\gamma$ , *tsadi*, Greek  $\zeta$ , *zeta*, the fish angle.

19.  $\rho$ , *kuf*, the hole of the ear.

20.  $\aleph$ , *resh*, Greek  $\rho$ , *rho*, the head.

21.  $\tau$ , *shin*, the teeth.

22.  $\theta$ , *thof*, Greek  $\theta$ , *theta*, a mark.

The fisher takes his *switch* or *rod*, goes to the water to catch *fish*, he catches a *thick* or large one through the *eye*, *mouth*, or *ear-hole*, etc., etc.; telling plainly that the alphabet of the Hebrews originated on the banks of a river where fishing was the common employment. The alliance of the Greek alphabet with it is obvious, the ordinary tradition being that Cadmus carried it to Greece. The only ground for this is that Cadmus resembles *kedem*, the Hebrew word for *east*; but the hypothesis of the Arimaic and Hebraic origin of the Greek alphabet is not to be confused with that fancy. Pliny informs us that the letters were brought from Assyria; Diodorus mentions Syria as the fatherland of the alphabet, and Manetho declares that the second Hermes found in the Syriadic land the antediluvian pillars with the inscriptions of the first Hermes, which he had buried under ground. We are of the opinion of Dr. Wise, the learned author of the "History of the Israelitish Nation," that these three lands are used synonymously by these writers, for the region along the Euphrates in the south-west of Asia. Thus their alphabet preserves a record of the original locality, and the employments of a great people, where all other trustworthy records fail, and history becomes mythical.

The principle of the imitative character of letters and sounds, as giving the key-notes of words, although its actual proof, *a posteriori*, is rendered impossible by our remoteness from the simple forms of language, which grow complex as life grows complex, is nevertheless rendered antecedently probable by the well known sympathies of sound and sense, which are continually arresting our attention in literature. The finest words and sentences call forth pictures and sonatas. Shakspeare's

"Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,"

is Haydn's *Kinder-sinfonie* in a line. Shudderingly do we read,

"Grinned horribly a ghastly smile."

So the very beat and metre of Virgil's famous line causes a horse



to gallop along a frozen plain, even to the eye of one ignorant of the language in which it is described :

“Quadrupedante putrem sonitu, quatit ungula campum.”

Or, take the mere mechanical effect of certain words: What a shiver is in *cold*—what a mystery in *geist*, *ghost*. How properly does the word *form*, implying limitation, end with a letter which closes the lips firmly together! The rolling along of the voice necessary for sounding the letter *r*, associates by imitation with the objects or actions it best expresses—*roar* (Sax. *rarien*), *roll* (rollen, rouser, ruilha, etc.), *reel*, *river*. An evil-minded philologist might derive the word *baby* from Babel, “signifying confusion;” and, though we have always deprecated Lamb’s toast “to the memory of the much maligned but really good King Herod,” we must, nevertheless, confess to the relationship between Babel and *baby*, which, with such words as *babble*, *blab* (Latin, *balbus*, *fabula*; German, *plappern*), are imitative of a child’s first lip-noises, and when used concerning adults, indicate childish practices and propensities.

The doubt which here arises may be stated thus: If this be the true theory of the word, how is it to be explained, that various races of men should have adopted such entirely different words for the same objects? Why is it, that what one calls a *woman*, another calls *femina*, another *gune*, another *frau*? These differences do not affect the theory that each object has its name written in its nature, but are to be attributed—1st, to the many different aspects in which any one thing may be viewed; 2d, to the different temperaments and conditions of the various races and nations which tend to place them at different points of view. Thus, in the first regard, a tree, for example, may be thought of as wood, or vegetable, or a particular one, or as hard, or round, or tall, or beautiful, or medicinal. A utilitarian nation, whose living came hard, might think of its fruit or useful timber; a scientific nation might think of it botanically; an imaginative people might think of its beauty or symbolism; and, of course, each name would be as distinct as if the tree were not only thought of in different associations, but were intrinsically different. We have but to apply this principle to primitive and figurative speech, to see its action, as a matter of fact. And it is at once seen to be an inevitable one when we take into consideration our second reason; namely, the



varieties of national temperament and condition which tend to place races at different points of view. If, as Jean Paul Richter has said, "Providence has given to the French the empire of the land; to the English that of the sea; to the Germans that of the —air!" it must follow, that whatsoever these would describe, they must describe from their several stand-points. There are many familiar words which illustrate the permanent operation of this law in word-formation. The English, for instance, used the word *consider*, literally to *sit down with* a subject; the Germans express the analogous act of the mind by *überlegen*, to be down over a subject; the Greeks said *σκέπτομαι*, *I shade my eyes in order to look steadily* at a subject. Now, any one will find the more he ponders these three forms of expression for the same thing that they are faithful representatives of the respective national temperaments. So the use of the English *occur* to express mental reception (*ob* and *curro*), in which it is implied that an idea *runs against*, or *to meet* the mind, may be compared with the German *einfallen*, in which the superior introversion of the Teuton finds that the idea *falls into* him. Compare also the English *imagination* with *einbildungskraft*, a word not only metaphysically perfect, but replete with poetry.

To see this fully, we have only to remember that these distinctions must have been equally operative in the infancy of language. It is frequently the case, however, that two totally distinct races, which could never be traced to any common origin or temporary intercourse, have been arrested by the same aspect of an object, in which cases their words are radically identical; a notable instance of which is found in the name given to one of the finest American rivers by the Indians, *Potomac*; which is almost literally the Greek word for river, *ποταμός* (comp. Latin, *potare*). These identities would doubtless be much more numerous, if it were not for the arbitrary and immethodical innovations made upon the natural form of words by those vandals, Ignorance, Affectation and Slang. The very roots of words are often irretrievably lost. To take one from a mass—who would imagine that the common word *wig* is derived from the Greek *κίς*, *hair*? What two words could be more unlike? Yet this *κίς*—hair, wool, or felt—became in Rome the *pileus*, a hair-cap given to slaves when freed. The Spanish got thence *piluca*; by the natural change of liquids, it became in

France *peruke*; it crossed the channel and became *periwig*; afterwards the vandalism aforesaid cut off for convenience all except *wig*,—losing the root, and leaving in the word only one letter in common with its original!

In this connection may be mentioned two words found on our continent, which have puzzled our transatlantic friends, and which Mr. Trench has called on us to explain. These are the words *Canada* and *caucus*. The history of the first of these illustrates well how easily the real origin of a word may be obscured through a slight variation caused by ignorance. The Indian name for *Canada*, was *Huachalaga*.\* When the country was invaded by the early Spanish gold-hunters, the Indians heard them repeat the words *vaca nada*—*nothing here*. When these, finding no gold, had gone, and others, permanent settlers, appeared, the Indians thinking they could speak to the whites, to that extent at least, cried out '*canada*—unfortunately leaving off the first syllable. The whites imagined this to be the name of the land. The other word, *caucus*, which is purely American, arose from the meetings held by the caulkers or disguised revolutionists, in the Massachusetts ship-yards; the name became generic for all such private meetings where the interests of one party are represented, and was afterwards spelt phonetically instead of rightly. The origin of this word has such peculiar associations that we can easily pardon the limited research of our English brethren in its direction.

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\* How melancholy, that these Indian names were lost! It would almost seem to be a sufficient reason for the existence of these Indians to have furnished a rich and poetical nomenclature to this country. Their names, wherever they are preserved, are the very autographs of the lakes, rivers, and landscapes. And, is it not too bad, that we should have bedizened our cities, and the grand phenomena of a New World, in the threadbare names of other lands and ages! Compare, as names for cities, New York, Syracuse, Boston, Cincinnati (THE CINCINNATUSES!), with Ticonderoga, Ontario, Niagara and Potomac; or the names of the rivers Charles, James, Whetstone or St. Johns, etc., with Roanoke, Altamaha, Rappahannock, Olentang (to which name we are glad to find the Whetstone has returned), or Merrimac. It is too evident that "the eternal fitness of things" has been violated, first, in baptizing America to the name of a pirate; and afterwards inflicting on our cities and places worn-out names which in no respect represent them.

## THE SACRED DANCE.

[From the Persian.]

[THE Dervish supposes that the inspired dance describes curves which exactly correspond with the orbits of the heavenly bodies. The Persians suppose that a magic gem was lost by Solomon on their coasts, and that some pearl-diver will one day find it : this will explain the allusion in the ninth line of the verses.]

Spin the ball ! I reel, I burn,  
Nor head from foot can I discern,  
Nor my heart from love of mine,  
Nor the wine-cup from the wine !  
All my doing, all my leaving  
Reaches not to my perceiving ;  
Lost in whirl of spheres I rove,  
And know only that I love.

I am seeker of the stone,  
Living gem of Solomon ;  
From the shore of souls arrived,  
In the sea of sense I dived :  
But what is land, or what is wave  
To me, who only jewels crave ?

Love is the air-fed fire intense,  
My heart is the frankincense :  
Ah, I flame as aloes do,  
But the censer can not know !  
I'm all-knowing, yet unknowing ;  
Stand not, pause not in my going ;  
Ask not me, as Muftis can,  
To recite the Alcoran :  
Well I love the meaning sweet—  
I tread the Book beneath my feet !

Lo, the God's love blazes higher,  
Till all differences expire ;  
What are Moslems ? What are Giaours ?  
All are love's, and all are ours ;  
I embrace the true believers,  
But I reckon not of deceivers.  
Firm to Heaven my bosom clings,  
Heedless of inferior things :  
Down on earth, there, under-foot,  
What men chatter know I not.

## EXCALIBUR.

A STORY FOR ANGLO-AMERICAN BOYS.

## CHAPTER I.

"Paradise is under a canopy of swords."—MAHOMET.

It was Christmas-eve at Kenmore. The last of its gleaming fruit had been stripped from the Wonderful Tree which blossoms but once a year; the last wax-candle was flashing up with flickering light upon the arch bending over it, on which, shaped in moss, were the words—

LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.

The little palates had feasted on sugar-plums, and the little eyes on toys, to satiety; the yawn was becoming frequent, though the evening was scarcely begun. At this moment, when the children were, like the ancient monarch, ready to give the largest reward to one who could invent a new pleasure, the genial face of Uncle Paul came like a sun-burst through the door. In an instant he was fastened on by three young parasites clamorous for "a story." There is no more lineal descendant of the daughter of the horse-leech than your story-loving youngsters of nine, eleven and fourteen; of which ages we speak with confidence, because they are the respective ages of little Edith, Arthur and Alfred Edgarton, who now bound Uncle Paul a victim on their altar.

*Uncle Paul.*—What shall I tell you a story about?

*Arthur* (eagerly).—Tell us about kings and queens.

*Alfred* (hesitatingly).—Yes, do; and about Christian in Pilgrim's Progress.

*Edith* (drowsily).—Uncle Paul, do tell us about Cinderilla.

Our avuncular Gulliver gave a glance of despair at the pinions with which the Lilliputians had bound him, looked up at the parents, who, with a heartlessness quite common to parents, smiled on his immolation with a complacency which forbade hope in that quarter, then made a desperate effort at escape by asking to see the Christmas gifts. The boys straightway charged upon him with trumpets, fifes, drums, guns and swords, as if he had been a Malakoff over which their banners must float; but little Edith,

who had the *coigne d'avantage*, being in his lap, foreclosed all other views by thrusting up two immense wax dolls, which he saw eye to eye and nose to nose. But Arthur, almost at the cost of a quarrel with this monopolist, would have his sword looked at; and, indeed, Uncle Paul seemed to think it worthy his determination, for he looked at it long and carefully. Arthur looked on in proud and the others in jealous silence, as the old man looked over the bit of painted wood from hilt to point again and again. He said, presently, "There was once another Arthur who had a very famous sword: how would you like to hear a story about that?" An eager assent from the children meeting this proposition, Uncle Paul began:

"The sword of which I am going to tell a story belonged to an ancient king who lived more than 1300 years ago, and whose name was Arthur. The name of the sword was EXCALIBUR."

*The Three.*—What does Excalibur mean?

*Uncle Paul.*—It is not quite certain; for in the old books it is spelt in different ways, sometimes Escalibore, then Scalibur, Calibur and Esclabure. It is likely that it means a sword of *Calibre*.

The boys were too proud to manifest any ignorance of this last word, which was uttered with an air of simplicity, but Edith, with whose sex curiosity overrules pride, gave signs at once of not being at all satisfied. So in answer to her question Uncle Paul said, "*Calibre* means the sort or kind; EXCALIBUR, as the name of a sword, would mean a sword of excellent quality. The sword of King Arthur was a sword that never struck but for justice and honor. It was said that its blow never failed of its aim: perhaps that means that no blow struck for honor and justice ever fails.

This King Arthur was a noble and virtuous prince in the midst of a barbarous age and land. He was justly called *flos regum*—the "flower of kings." In that early age, when there were scarcely any laws, and very little chance of trying people for crimes in courts, the protection of innocent people, the defence of women and children, depended upon the swords of men brave enough to stand or fall for the right against the wrong, and hold their shields between the oppressor and the oppressed. This was not a good state of society, but in the end it made some strong men—men worthy to be called, as they afterwards were, Saxon, or

men of rock.\* The laws and court-houses take a good deal of the bravest and truest work off of our shoulders, and the strength that it begets out of our hearts. King Arthur, in order that this should be well done throughout his kingdom, called about him the bravest and truest knights; they lived with him in his palace; and they were called The Knights of the Round Table. They still show in England a large, round, black table, about which, they say, sat these knights. They each and all took a solemn oath that every drop of blood in their hearts should be ready to fall in the defence of the weak against the strong! And many were the glorious deeds they did, many the stirring adventures with which they met. Perhaps, some day, I shall tell you more of them. I must now tell you about the sword. The story runs that it was not wrought by human hands. A nymph down under the sea spent nine years in making it; and when she had made it silver-bright, and made it of edge invisible for fineness, she searched all through the sea for rarest pearls and gems to ornament its hilt. It partook of the strength of the strong sea, and the freedom of the winds and waves was in its temper. Then the nymph kept it to herself until a man should arise on the earth brave and true and strong enough to wield that sword.

When King Uther died, it was believed that he had no son to sit on his throne, and so a great many knights came forward presenting their claims on the throne. Now it was really the case that Uther's wife, Igerna, had borne him a son before they were married, and because of the shame the child, whose name was Arthur, was given to the wife of a nobleman named Antour to bring up as her own; and the king died without disclosing that he had a son living, whilst his wife Igerna knew not where the child had been taken, or whether it was alive or dead. Great then was the strife and discussion as to who should be king. So high did the strife run that, on Christmas-eve, the good bishop came amongst them, and said that, as no decision was likely to be reached by human means, it would be well for them all to put up their prayers that Providence might send down some sign which should point out the one who should be their king. The holy father's advice was adopted—they all began to pray; and,

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\* Uncle Paul could only have meant a pun: Saxon is doubtless a corruption of Saracen, and not from Latin *saxum*, a rock.

strange to say, when they went out from the service they found at the church door a miraculous stone; and in this stone was fixed, as in a vice, a gleaming sword, on the hilt of which were engraved the following words:

"I am called Excalibur,  
To a King a fair treasure;  
In the hand of my true King—  
Carve iron, steel, or anything!"

It was at once agreed that this was the token from Heaven for which they had been praying, and decreed that whoever should be able to draw the sword out of the stone should be proclaimed king at once. Many were the hands which labored to draw it out; but the sword resisted the efforts of each one who had been contending for the throne. So there remained at the church door the stone holding its sword.

Now the young Arthur had grown and prospered under the care of Sir Antour. He was a child of great nobility, fair, courteous and strong, but had been kept in perfect ignorance of his high birth. Arthur being of a noble presence and ability, was taken as squire by his foster-father's son, who was named Sir Kay. This knight, on one occasion being in a battle, broke his sword, and was forced to send young Arthur to his mother for a new one. Arthur hastened home, but did not find the lady; he had, however, observed near the church a sword sticking in a stone, and on his return galloped to the place, drew it out with ease, and perfectly unconscious of having performed a mighty feat, delivered it to his master. Sir Kay, who knew the sword and its value at once, made Arthur swear to be secret as to what he had done, and then showing the weapon to his father, declared that he would claim the throne as if he had drawn out the sword. Sir Antour insisted that his son should repeat the feat; and Kay, who supposed he could draw it out easily again, readily replaced the sword in the stone—but, lo! it stuck there as immovably as ever. Poor Kay was very much ashamed, and had to confess to his father that he had received the sword from his squire, Arthur. Sir Antour informed Arthur that his drawing out the sword made him King of England! He also told the Bishop what Arthur had done, and the ghostly Father summoned an assembly before which the feat was several times repeated. So an early day was proclaimed for the coronation of Arthur as king.



But the knights and princes were jealous of the young king, and resolved to make a resistance; so on the day of the festival they tried with their retainers to seize Arthur's person. Then they found that the trusty Excalibur was not only able to make a king, but to defend one; for the rebels were utterly routed. And of all the knights who remained true Arthur formed his famous Round Table. From this time he reigned over a happy kingdom, and his good Excalibur was not idle: it never helped the cause of wrong or oppression, and it never failed to win the day. But I can not tell you all the fair deeds of this righteous king, who with the blessing of God lived a long time to plant the seeds of Christianity and civilization in Britain.

It came to pass that in one of his engagements Arthur was fatally wounded. He looked around when he knew he must die, to see if there was one of his knights worthy to wield his faithful Excalibur when he was gone. He feared that some baser hand should one day soil its pure temper in striving for low ambition or dishonorable purpose; for he had, alas, found out by experience that many of his knights who had seemed fair to him were corrupt. So he resolved that Excalibur should be cast into the sea where it was wrought. He requested Sir Bedivere, who was supporting him, to give him a seat; which being done, he gave him his sword and adjured him to throw it into the sea. Sir Bedivere took the sword, but on his way, tempted by its beauty and the jewels set in it, concealed it under a tree. On his return, the king asked him what he observed when he threw it in. Bedivere replied, "Nothing but the waters deep and the waves wan." "Thou art untrue to me," said the king, with flashing eye; "thou hast not fulfilled thy trust as a knight should do." Then Bedivere ran in haste and took the sword; but when he had reached the sea-shore, again overcome by temptation, he threw only the scabbard into the sea, and concealed the sword. On his return, the king again asked him what he had observed. "Nothing," replied Sir Bedivere, "but the splashing of the water on the reeds." Then Arthur arose, and with wrath cried, "Unknightly traitor! how canst thou deal thus wrongfully by thy dying king!" Then Bedivere rushed to the sea-side and hurled through the air the sword, which sped like a lightning streak. And, lo! as he did so, a fair, shining hand and arm clothed in white emerged from the waves and caught Excalibur, and bore it down into the deep.



When Bedivere returned to the king, he found there two women of angelic guise who bore Arthur away and placed him in a barge, and together they floated away over the sea; and long was it prophesied in Britain, that when the land was worthy of such a king Arthur should again float over the sea to its shore.

—As Uncle Paul closed this marvellous story, Alfred insisted on his continuing, but little Edith was asleep, and he bore her up stairs to bed; when he came down he peeped over Arthur's shoulder, and saw him holding a pen over his sword, on which could be already read EXC—

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CHAPTER II.

"Let the lost sword be for God."—ANCIENT PROVERB.

The next evening Uncle Paul was under an engagement made just eleven months and twenty-nine days before, to play Santa Claus for the children. If folks only knew it, greater love hath no man for children than that he enact Saint Nicholas for them. How little do the delighted, fluttering little hearts know of the heated, melting form of Uncle Paul under his great buffalo robes, or of the Pauline nostril smothered and scratched under an impenetrable vizard with great woolen whiskers! In this case our victim bore his martyrdom pretty well for a while; but at last the white feather was visible over his mask; for he stooped down and whispered to his nephews and his niece, who at once paused in their mad career, whilst the little neighbors who had been invited grew instantly apprehensive of an impending catastrophe. What was it that the faint-hearted Santa Claus whispered? Why, these words: *Wouldn't you like to hear something more about that sword?*

Emotions were for a while in conflict; pros and cons beat violently against each other; but Santa Claus decided the question by vanishing through a key-hole and sending down presently, in his stead, Uncle Paul. The children were doubtful of him; they thought they had certainly seen the end of that sword when it disappeared under the waves, and they put the proposition to him in that form. Uncle Paul informed them that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in their philosophy; and having now a large audience gathered about him he proceeded as follows:

Have you not seen in your Atlas, on the map of Europe, a great

red country in the South-east, called Austria ? Well, this country with the hard names for its towns and rivers, has been, and perhaps is now, the worst on the face of the earth. I suppose the country itself was good enough, and the people had hearts, but they were under the rule, from 1200 years ago down, of the most wicked of families, called the House of Hapsburgh. Each descendant of this house seemed only trying to outstrip the evil which his predecessor had done. It was like that great Dragon of which you read in the story-books, which polluted the air with its breath and which demanded that a virgin should be given it every day for breakfast. The virgin in this case was a nation : the other great powers—Russia, England and France—through fear, agreed to give it a young nation a day, and in this way Austria devoured Bavaria, Poland, Hungary, Silesia and Italy. The measure of its iniquity seemed full when Maria Theresa, by her blandishments and promises, gained the confidence of the Hungarians, only to fasten the evils of the Hapsburgh Dragon more fully about them.

*Alfred.*—Where was St. George then ?

*Uncle Paul.*—Well asked ! St. George came to fight the Dragon—only this time he was named Frederick the Great. His mission on earth was to punish the crimes of Austria ; and after the most tremendous series of battles ever known, lasting about forty years, he humbled the House of Hapsburgh, which, in the person of Maria Theresa, knelt at his feet and sued for peace. Austria, the old Dragon, lives yet, but its fangs have been all drawn out, and it gets weaker and weaker.

*Arthur.*—But about Excalibur ?

Ah, yes, I'm coming to that. When it was known that Frederick the Prussian monarch had resolved to set himself front to front against Austria, the day before he marched into Bohemia at the head of a hundred thousand men to take Prague, a Bavarian peasant came to his door and earnestly desired to see the monarch. The courtiers and porters refused to admit so plainly dressed a boor, who had also a formidable, rusty old sword in his hand ; but the man took his seat on the door and would not leave. Frederick, hearing some altercation, came to the door and found the peasant suffering indignities from his servants ; sternly reproving the latter, he asked the peasant what he wished. The man held out the sword, and said, "Sire, I am a poor man, and make a scanty living by fishing. One day, as we were drawing in our

nets, we found therein this old sword, which, though it be rusty, has some rich jewels in its hilt. And when I heard that a Savior had risen up to shield us from our oppressor, I traveled day and night to lay this sword at his feet." The king took the sword and proffered a reward to the peasant, but he would not receive it. He took the sword into his palace and examined it closely. On it he could only make out the letters EXCAL— What that meant, I leave you to guess. The king had the sword brightened up and made new, and placed it at his side. With him also it never failed! With it he conquered an immense kingdom; and though there are many things that may be said against Frederick the Great, it can never be denied that he built up the best and happiest kingdom which the world had ever seen. He had a noble idea of royalty: it was he that said, "A king is only the first of subjects;" that is, he should feel himself as much under a Higher Law, as his subjects are under his Law. When Peace came, he gave the corn which had been provided for the next campaign to feed the destitute; he abolished burthensome taxes on the people; he lived as plainly as a peasant, stripped his palace of rich ornaments, and even wore threadbare garments, that the agriculture and industry of his nation might be advanced, and that there should be work and bread for all! He encouraged literature, and was an able writer himself; he allowed religious freedom throughout his dominions: a man could think what he pleased, and speak or print what he pleased, even though he spoke or wrote against the king himself. No need that such a king should ever fear his people's liberty!

What was done with Excalibur? Why, I will tell you. Frederick, having now established the nations on a basis of freer nationality, having conquered a European peace, looked over the Ocean and saw some brave colonies fighting against their oppressor as the nations which he had relieved had fought against Austria. He watched with interest, and then in various ways helped George Washington and his army to carry forward to a successful issue the American Revolution. And when our Revolution was over, and Washington, with the blessings of a free and happy people crowning his head with a coronet brighter than king ever knew, retired to Mount Vernon, Frederick the Great sent across the Atlantic his sword, and when it was placed in the hands of Washington it bore these words: *From the oldest general in the*

*world to the greatest.* So Excalibur, the sword which in the hand of its true king could carve iron, steel, and even despotism, was hung up in Washington's cabinet in Virginia.

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## CHAPTER III.

"That sword he [John Brown] held in his own hand during the whole of Monday."—COL. WASHINGTON'S TESTIMONY.

It was just one year after the above story or stories were told, that Uncle Paul again returned to Kenmore to spend the Christmas holidays—these last holidays. And scarcely were the greetings over, scarcely was the old man comfortably seated in his chair ere he began to ache for the children to ask him for another story! Now was this not strange in Uncle Paul? Were all his former evasions affectations, or was he getting garrulous, as old men sometimes will? However this might be, Uncle Paul was certainly fishing for a story-proposition, whilst the children looked askance at their parents, and steeled their tongues against asking for one.

N. B.—Mamma had said in the morning, "Children, remember, now, you are to let Uncle Paul have some peace, and must not climb over him and make him tell you a story as soon as he comes. Mind, now, the first that disobeys goes to bed!"

But, ah, what proud triumph lighted up each little eye when the old gentleman, having thrown out hints in vain, at length burst out plainly with, "Arthur, wouldn't you like to hear more about EXCALIBUR?"

A yell, a rush, and Uncle Paul's arms were folded about the youngsters, though now they were large enough to be consigned to ottomans, etc., about his feet, rather than to his somewhat failing knees. The paternal Edgarton was conservative, and suspected that Uncle Paul's story this time would not be altogether what he could desire. Uncle Paul glanced at him with a malicious artlessness, which sheathed a cunning twinkle, and proceeded.

"Let's see, where did we leave Excalibur?"

*Arthur and Alfred* (in chorus).—Hung up at Mount Vernon.

*Uncle Paul.*—Ah, yes: well, it didn't stay there! Wouldn't you say, boys, that a sword which was sent into this world to fight for the weak against the strong, for the right against the wrong, a sword which could only be worthily wielded by such men as King Arthur, and Frederick the Great, and George Washington,

a sword which had twice come forth from the bottom of the sea to strike for freedom—would you not think, boys, that such a sword was a dangerous one to have in a neighborhood where innocent men and women were held in chains, their children taken from their hearts and sold, and where there were no knights to stand for them?

Yes? Well, so it turned out in this case. Washington, the Father of his country, could look with pride on that trusty Excalibur, for he loved freedom, and whilst living, treated the Africans which he had inherited with kindness; when dying, he set them all free! He thought he was leaving a nation which would follow his example; but, instead of that, they found that slaves could work well and sell well, and they stole more of them from their own land, and gave to the masters the control of our whole country. Then Excalibur began to get uneasy, and went a little way up, where it could be near and watch the meaner swords made to fasten chains, not to “carve” them asunder. The old Austrian Dragon seemed to have reappeared in American Slavery—

*Arthur* (interrupting).—Uncle Paul, is there no Saint George in America?

*Uncle Paul*.—I’m not so sure that there *was* not, my boy. Let me tell you. There was an old man named John Brown, whose parents had brought him up amidst the free airs and the bountiful sunlight of nature, and taught him the simple faith of love to God and man. This old man studied the Holy Bible day and night, and resolved to live up to the best law of life that he could find in it. But one can not read such great sayings as are in that Book with their eyes or lips; the very light of the sun is not clear enough to read it by; it takes a *life* to read it. So old John Brown lived what he knew: he fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and ministered to the afflicted; and as he so lived by one rule, a light shone upon the next. One day he came to ponder deeply these two sentences in that Book:

“Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.”

“Remember those who are in bonds as bound with them.”

Then he called together his household, and said: “My wife, my daughters, and my sons, suppose that we were all this day held in bonds by a master who could tear us apart at any moment, who could make of us the victims of his own or others’ lust, or make us servile instruments of his basest deeds: would we no

strike for freedom, and would we not long for some helping hand to free us?" Then he read them the LAWS which he had been weighing; and as in the darkest night a lantern's light is turned full upon the chasm that yawns at a traveler's feet, so did he turn their brightness upon the great crime against Humanity which cries to Heaven against this Nation. Then this old man and his sons left their guardian women to pray for them; and taking their lives in their hands, they went forth, these modern Knights of the Round Table, to strike from human hands every fetter they could reach; and many a living and immortal heart did they rescue from the Dragon's coils! When the ear heard them, then it blessed them, and when the eye saw them, it gave witness to them; because they delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

At last the old man went down into the same neighborhood where Excalibur had gone. A divine madness seized upon him; as it is written, "Oppression maketh a wise man mad"—but whether such madness be not the wisdom of God, which is foolishness with men, we are not all calm enough to judge now. Soon John Brown bore in his hand the never-failing sword Excalibur! In his hand it conquered a whole nation. Presently twenty-nine other nations came to help the one, and this old man and his sons were taken prisoners, but not till then; such is the power of the sword which strikes for Justice and Liberty.

On the second day of December, 1859, they hung that old man by the neck until he was dead,—for loving his neighbor as himself, for stooping to heal the wounded Jew, for remembering those who are in bonds as bound with them. But as he died he was more victorious than he had ever dreamed of being; he melted a million hearts and poured them into the moulds of Freedom.

EXCALIBUR still waits the hand of its next true King, who will be he that can conquer without it. It has made its wound, piercing beneath the scales of the Dragon; and that wound can never be healed. His fierce writhings and threatenings only tell us how the blow touched the seat of life.

Let us trust that it need never strike again! Let us pray that about it may grow up a people who know the power of the Sword of the Spirit, the LOVE which never faileth; and who may wield the weapon which is not carnal so truly that the strongholds of Evil shall fall, and the kingdom of Purity and Peace be established.

## AMOR RESPICIT CÆLUM.

My God, why should I love thee for reward?  
 Why should I pray thee come in golden shower?  
 Doth not Love tower o'er Faith and Hope by this,  
 That her free-giving eyes look to no end?

Through Heaven I press, for that thou art beyond:  
 Only sustaining, can I be sustained;  
 In Heaven I missed the cross which, when I bore,  
 Bore me. Another and another Fall  
 Before fresh mandates need I—uplifting  
 Falls; the faithful, friendly wounds which heal me;  
 The fatal edge which slays to make alive.

Oh, leave me not in any Paradise,  
 But lead me forth to bleak and blessed paths;  
 And set thine angel with his Sword of Flame—  
 A curse divine—to hinder when I turn!

## THE CATHOLIC CHAPTER.

## RELIGION.

It is pleasant to die, if there be gods; sad to live, if there be none.

*Marcus Antoninus.*

To which religion do I belong? To none that thou might'st name. And why to none? For religion's own sake.

*Schiller.*

It is not lawful in Heaven to think three and say one; because every one in Heaven speaks from thought: in Heaven there is thinking speech or speaking thought.

In Heaven, the more angels the more room.

Because the angels believe this (that all Life is from the Lord), they refuse thanks on account of the good they do.

The life of every one is such as his love is.

What any man loves is to him good.

In Heaven, by loving the Lord is not meant to love him as to person, but to love the good that is from him.

*Swedenborg.*

Nothing which is celestial passes over; but that which is earthly passes over by the celestial.

*Bettine.*



Immortality must be proved, if at all, by our activity and designs, which imply an interminable future for their play.

*R. W. Emerson.*

Thou, O God, hast made me for Thyself; I can not rest but in Thee!

*St. Augustine.*

Intellect is a god, through a light which is more ancient than intellectual light and intellect itself.

*Proclus.*

All virtues, even justice itself, are merely different forms of benevolence.

Benevolence produces and constitutes the heaven or beatitude of God himself. He is no other than an infinite and eternal Good-WILL. Benevolence must, therefore, constitute the beatitude or heaven of all dependent beings.

*Henry Brooke.*

Man must eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; otherwise he is no man, but a mere animal.

*Hegel.*

Let us not veil our bonnets to circumstance. If we act so because we are so; if we sin from strong bias of constitution and temper, at least we have in ourselves the measure and the curb of our aberration. But if they who are around us sway us; if we think ourselves incapable of resisting the cords by which fathers and mothers, and a host of unsuitable expectations, and duties falsely so called, seek to bind us—into what helpless discord shall we not fall! Do you remember, in the Arabian Nights, the princes who climbed the hill to bring away the singing tree—how the black pebbles clamored, and the princes looked around and became black pebbles like themselves?

*Charles Emerson.*

Firmin merely replied: "More than one Savior has already died for the earth and for man; and I am convinced that Christ will one day take many pious human beings by the hand, and say to them: *Ye, too, have suffered under Pilates.*"

*Jean Paul Richter.*

Every Prophet whom I send, goeth forth to establish religion, not to root it up.

Thou wilt be asked: By what dost thou know God? Say: By what descendeth on the heart. For, could that be proved false, souls would be utterly helpless. There is in thy soul a certain knowledge, before which, if thou display it to mankind, they will tremble like a branch agitated by the strong wind.

The first time I was called to the world above, the Heavens and Stars said unto me, O Sasan ! we have bound up our loins in the service of Yezdan and never withdrawn from it, because he is worthy of praise ; and we are filled with astonishment how mankind can wander so far from the commands of God.

Whatever is on earth is the resemblance or shadow of something that is in the sphere. While that resplendent thing remaineth in good condition, it is well also with its shadow. When that resplendent thing removeth far from its shadow, life removeth to a distance. Again, that Light is the shadow of something more resplendent than itself. And so on up to Me, who am the Light of Lights. Look, therefore, to Yezdan, who causeth the shadow to fall.

Purity is of two kinds, real and formal. The real consisteth in not bending the heart to evil ; and the formal in cleansing away what appears evil to the view.

True self-knowledge is knowledge of God.

Life is affected by two evils, Lust and Anger. Restrain them within the proper mean : till man can attain this self-control he can not become a celestial.

The perfect seeth unity in multiplicity, and multiplicity in unity.

The roads tending to God are more in number than the breathings of created beings.

*Sasan,*

(a Persian prophet contemporary with the Emperor Heraclius.)

Truth is congenial to man. Moral Truth is then most consummate when, like Beauty, it commends itself without argument.

Man is apt to gravitate when he does not aspire.

Whatever each man worships inwardly is his god, whether he know it or not.

He who has a Ruling Passion worships one God, good or evil. He who is carried at random by many impulses has many Gods ; perhaps as shifting, as shapeless, as unworthy as any heathen divinities.

Fully to know the Right demands the culture of all our powers. The righteous not only does right, but loves to do right.

*F. W. Newman.*

The frequency with which we hear profane discourse, intemperance, or devotedness to frivolous amusements, characterized as "unbecoming a clergyman," in a sort of tone which implies

the speaker's feelings to be that they are unbecoming merely to a *clergyman*, is a proof of the general tendency to vicarious religion, which makes men, who take little care to keep their own lights burning, desirous to have one to whom they may apply in their extremity, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are going out." *Archbishop Whately.*

He who begins by loving Christianity better than Truth, will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all. *Coleridge.*

When every man is his own end, all things will come to a bad end. We want public souls: we want them. *Hacket.*

## THE TWO SERVANTS:

### CALIBAN AND ARIEL.

SHAKSPERE, in "The Tempest," represents the lordly Prospero as served by two strangely diverse beings. The one is a monster with signs of the lower orders of creation about him; he thinks himself rightful sovereign of the island, and Prospero a powerful usurper. He obeys, but only because he must; obeys mutteringly, and is willing to conspire against his master; he serves as a slave. The other servant is an ethereal spirit: where Caliban has a claw, Ariel has a wing. The witch Sycorax, who had brought forth the monster, had by her infernal power confined Ariel in the cloven pine, because he was

"A spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorred commands."

Prospero had liberated Ariel, who then served him from gratitude, though longing for greater and greater freedom; and whenever the sprite would grow weary of his high tasks, Prospero had only to recall to his mind the liberation his power had wrought. His service is inspired by Love and Hope, and is performed with delightful activity and joyousness.

These two servants the IDEAL, which waves its wand over the human soul, also has: served it is by both; but the one is a groaning and the other a joyful service. The Law and the Gospel do not divide epochs of history so much as classes of men.

CALIBAN represents the *religious* man. We believe that critics are well-nigh agreed that Paul, standing on Mars' Hill, reproved the Athenians for being "too religious," not "too superstitious;" the entire force of which charge rests on the fact that, as the word indicates (Lat., *re* and *ligere*), religion is a *binding back* of the spiritual nature. The essential idea of religion is a bond; it is an exaction, a chain, a yoke. It is not too much to say that in this, its real significance, Religion had been carried to its utmost extent by the nations before the coming of Christ; our model of strictness (Lat., *stringere*, to bind) being an ancient Stoic or Pharisee. The old commandments are *prohibitory*, beginning "Thou shalt not:" they are given as if to a being whose hands, being adapted only to be "pickers and stealers," were also excellently shaped for manacles. It is not recognized that Duty could be to any a joy. Paul complained that the Athenians were too religious, because, when life and reality had ebbed away from their altar, on which they could inscribe only their ignorance, they were still *bound back* by it; they were not free to follow the new form.

Let us not disparage Religion as such: even as a bond and an exaction it is to be valued. If men prepare a feast for the senses, and invite not Piety as a heavenly guest thereto, she must come to suspend over them the hair-hung sword, ready to fall on any excess. We can not trust man to the fiery steeds of Passion, unless he have in his chariot either Divine Love as charioteer, or Divine Law as one to whisper *Memento mori*! So long as it is the form which the spiritual sentiment really takes in any mind, it is full to its purpose; the mole burrowing the ground is sustaining the harmonious bass to the tenor of the highest angel; Caliban need not abase himself before Ariel. Yet the winged sprite must be taken to represent the *spiritual* man, in whose mind *Thou shalt* is changed to *Thou mayest*, who has passed from Mount Sinai to the Mount of the Beatitudes. Where the religious man heard, "I the Lord, your God, am a jealous God," the spiritual man hears, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God."

Is it not just at this point that Christianity may be most sharply contrasted with all antecedent religions—to wit.: that it is not a Religion, but a Gospel?

Along with the allegory from Shakspere may be read that quoted from Hebrew mythology by the writer to the Galatians: "Thou art no more a servant, but a son. For it is written that

Abraham had two sons, the one by a bond-maid, the other by a free-woman. But he who was of the bond-woman was born after the flesh ; but he of the free-woman was by promise. Which things are an allegory. For these are the two covenants : the one from Mount Sinai, which gendereth unto bondage, which is Agar ; for this Agar is Mount Sinai in Arabia, and answereth to Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children. But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all. Now, we, brethren, as Isaac was, are the children of promise. But as then he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now. Nevertheless, what saith the Scripture ? Cast out the bond-woman and her son ; for the son of the bond-woman shall not be heir with the son of the free-woman ! ”

All around us are the Calibans ; all around us are the children of the bond-woman, with hands uplifted against the children of the free. How many are adhering to religious beliefs and services which they do not, can not love ! How many are sustaining doctrines from a sense of duty, in which they do not rejoice, and which, if their minds were unbound, they would never believe ? Is it anything but religion, the soul-ligature, which causes a man to hold to a creed which represents his children and friends as corrupt to their hearts' core, the earth as resting under an angry curse, or which binds on the heart a terrible belief in a hell where immortal beings are consigned to unending torture ? Is not this Caliban-service ?

We are making no arbitrary statements. The intelligent believer in such a creed will admit, as it is his only title to respect to admit, that he accepts these things by moral obligation : no sane mind or sound heart can rejoice in them ; they stifle the heart's outcry with, Who art thou that repliest against God ? Jonathan Edwards had to wrestle with the angel through many weary years, ere, lame and faint, he could bring his eloquent tongue to say, “ God will hold them [non-elect infants] over hell in the tongs of his wrath until they turn and spit venom in his face ; ” but it went out to his congregation with writhing, and was responded to by a shriek from every mother present. John Calvin honestly added to his conclusion, *Decretum quidem horrible fateor*.—(Ins., b. iii., ch. 23.) It has been maintained that Coleridge, who was at one time a Unitarian, abandoned that faith

for the Trinitarian simply by mental attraction. Those who have studied closely Coleridge's development will recognize that underneath the external change to Trinitarianism he was entering a more philosophical faith than the Unitarianism of his day allowed. The Platonic Trinitarianism which has furnished a refuge for such thinkers as Tholuck, Coleridge, Bushnell, and others, is really an arrow's-flight beyond Parkerism: it is disguised transcendentalism. Ralph Waldo Emerson has given us an account of his interview with Coleridge; during which Coleridge said, "If you and I were taken to the same stake for heresy, my side of it would be the hottest!" I do not deny that the creeds which bind have found some monks in deserts and caves who have had ecstasies; but it is no credit to their joyfulness that men who have crushed the healthy life out of them, animated mummies, should rejoice in them. Only as eyes upon which a dreadful amaurosis is coming see beautiful flashes and circles of light, can human hearts take pleasure in God's wrath or sing hallelujahs over human damnation. Coleridge's opium-eating, which began not long before his Trinitarianism, doubtless had much to do with the unhealthy *form* in which his essentially higher faith was born. But the great representatives of the popular creed have admitted themselves children of the bond-woman; have acknowledged that the human heart, sense and reason are prone to abandon their rules of life and thought. Orthodoxy is a war to take Human Nature captive; and its principle is expressed in the strong language of a modern Father, who said, "The very heart and marrow of this wretched human-nature is saturated with heresy."

This, then, is not the service of peace and love and joy in the spirit: it is as far from these as Caliban's claw from Ariel's wing. We do not forget that claw answers to hand and to wing; we place no impassable barriers. Caliban dreams high dreams amid his hard labors—one day, doubtless, to be realized.

"The isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,  
That, if I had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds, methought, would open and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,  
I cried to dream again."

We know that Duration tells the whole difference between lampblack and diamond, gun-flint and opal. The tower which would rise high must begin deep down. Our question is only one of classification, and asks, Which is higher, which lower?

Ishmael is not so easy to answer as he seems to be. He claims that there is some merit in believing where belief is hard, none where it is easy. Jesus said, "If ye love them that love you, what reward have ye?" If you accept only the doctrines which suit you, if you adopt the burthens which are easy to the shoulders, do not even the publicans the same? So Ishmael labels his own belief, *Credo quia impossibile*, and Isaac's, *Salvation made easy*.\*

Now, when we come to examine this satire of the religion which binds upon that which makes free, we find in it a radical error. We do not question that religion is a good thing; we do not doubt that, humanly speaking, it is a more meritorious thing to fulfil a disagreeable duty than an agreeable one, there being no heroism where there is no difficulty. But, thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might: let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me. To bear a burthen, feeling it to be a burthen, is noble; but to bear a burthen as real, and utterly forget yourself and your suffering under it, is nobler. To be wise and strong is much, but they are not the spirit's glory: this is reserved for that Love which finds in its service such joy that the yoke is easy and the burthen light. As for that sarcasm, "*Salvation made easy*," it sounds almost like the curse of Caliban, which Ariel might answer with a tear welling up from the memory of his frightful servitude and imprisonment, ere Prospero led him forth to the freedom of the air. Ere a man can find his *delight* in the Law of the Lord, ere he can cry, "Oh, how I love thy Law," how many a hard battle must he have fought! So strong is self-love, so overbearing the will, that Christian must surmount the Hill Difficulty before he can climb the Hills of Delight. It need not be feared that the human spirit will not have encounters enough; there is no royal road to renunciation; he will know well the drill of the Law: but when the time has come for religion to blossom

\* These words were written on a bundle of Unitarian Tracts in Coleridge's study: "*Salvation made easy; or, Every man his own Redeemer.*"



into love, to bind the green sheath over the bud, is to be, in Paul's phrase, *too religious*. Religion is not Christianity: it is the chrysolid of Christianity. Ah! what if the beautiful wings instead of coming forth to pass freely from flower to flower, should fold, and the fly say, "No, this shell in which I was born I will not break nor leave,"—lo, it is not even a caterpillar, it is a sepulchred butterfly! Even so it is when the soul clings to that which yields no thrill of ineffable bliss at every point of contact. That is but a thorny sheath of good which must look outside of itself for its joy, which must comfort sacrifice with hope, which must mitigate sufferance with contrast of a fearful alternative, and eke out a present barrenness with promise of future blessedness. Madam Guion rose higher when she wished that she had a fountain to quench Hell, and a furnace to burn up Paradise, that God might be loved in and for Himself without fear or hope.

The fatal defect of Religion, which must make it forever only the scaffolding around the forming shrine within where God shall be met, is that it excludes the idea of Love. It is an old saying, "Whoso loveth, knoweth God;" but the very nature of Religion implies obligations, bonds, demands, which Love most of all hates. Love has no tie but its own attractions; and can not be purchased at any price. The old legends say that Satan makes contracts with the Soul; but Love must be a free-gift. The heart is that Cordelia whose filial love can not come forth by threats or rewards, but, knowing its sacred laws, responds, as she to Lear,

"I can not heave  
My heart into my mouth."

A Court may order that a man and wife shall live together as wedded, but it can not make them love each other; or it may give the parent a right to the service of a child, but it can not create, by any enactment, the filial heart. And thus, though the human spirit may go on, bearing its cross, doing its duty, from a sense of duty, and be thus religious, yet can it never be really satisfied thereby: it will yearn for the Love which changes the cross to a prop, and touches the thorns in its crown to roses of joy. Swedenborg saw that the angels held in their hands twigs, and that whenever any one of them announced a truth, the twig which he held blossomed; if the angel uttered an error, the twig did not blossom. The test is perfect. Each truth must be one under which the heart blossoms: the spirit cowers at the foot of Sinai,

it leaps to leaf and flower on Olivet. We have no hope that any one will gain a true perception of Christianity as a development of the moral nature of man, until he sees that it is Religion bursting out into poetry and song. Religion walks, Christianity is rather the sacred dance to a divine strain; Religion talks, Christianity sings; Religion is prose, Christianity is poetry. The one finds its oracle in the Conscience, the other knows no such lash: it lives only in its Love. How well has it been named the GOSPEL! It is *God's-spell*. Socrates said that the Soul could only be healed of its maladies by certain magic charms; and these were beautiful reasons: lo, the spell of God, the divine fascination thrown on man, till he plight his troth to the Perfect Truth and Beauty; the Orphic strain has bound the powers of Hell; he sings at the stake; he can look down upon Paradise.

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#### THE LECTURERS AT THE MERCANTILE ON STATISTICS.

WHEN Aristotle declared that Virtue was exact equilibrium, and that our qualities deviating from the mean produced vices only, he gave the embryo-statement of all the moral and political bearings of Statistical Science. Since then, the human mind has been feeling in this direction for the continent of knowledge needed to balance that which it had attained, until, at last, at a gaming table was invented the Theory of Probabilities. The Chevalier de Méré, a great gambler, proposed to Pascal two problems: first, to find in how many throws of dice it might be expected to obtain two sixes with two dice; second, to determine the lot of two players after a certain number of throws,—that is to say, to fix the proportion in which they should divide the stake, supposing they consented to separate without finishing the game. Pascal soon solved these questions. But when the Chevalier de Méré was satisfied, his own mind was not; he began a series of curious analyses, which he communicated to Fermât, and furnished a basis for the subsequent speculations of Leibnitz, Huygens, Buffon, Condorcet, Laplace, and Fourier.

With Fourier the speculative view was carried as far as it was needed: the Theory stood a Soul awaiting its body. As the Soul had been maturing in these great brains, the body had been maturing in the unconscious and official routine of Governments. It

had been the habit of the European Governments to preserve, without reference to the use which was to be made of them, the statistics of their nations and cities: the number of murders, thefts and other crimes; the number of prostitutes and houses of prostitution; of suicides, and the methods of suicide; of the insane: these were all carefully recorded. For a long time such statistics remained raw material, because the man had not come who knew how to use them. But as the old geometer cried, "Geometry is the praise of God," so did there come a statistic who read off the dry rows of figures as the score of a divine music; one who should marry the Soul of Theory to the Body of Fact.

This man was M. A. Quetelet, who, under the patronage of Prince Albert and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, has published several important works, chief of which are those entitled, *Man and the Development of his Faculties, or an Essay on Social Physics*, and *Letters on the Theory of Probabilities as applied to the Moral and Political Sciences*. The latter is a really great work, and at once began its revolution of all the Moral and Social Sciences. It was the embryo in which were folded the Positive Philosophy of Comté, and the Philosophy of Civilization taught by Buckle. Its translation into English by Olinthus Gregory Downes was the first great impulse given to the Life-Assurance Societies, which were found to rest on no accidents, but on unvarying laws.

But it may be asked, what was there in this innocent-sounding Theory of Probabilities to work such revolutions? Simply this: that in it was proved, by those proverbially stubborn things, Facts, that all the events and actions of Human Society, hitherto regarded as mere chance-work, or the result of human will, were strung on a thread of immutable Law. There were found to be relentless averages governing social deeds and misdeeds; each year and each nation bearing their crop of crimes of all descriptions, and their deaths and births, with a precision equal, in the long run, to the regularity of seasons and tides. We need only make a few extracts from M. Quetelet's various writings to give the reader a distinct impression of his meaning and the extent of its bearing.

"The word *chance* serves conveniently to veil our ignorance; we employ it to explain effects of whose causes we are ignorant. To one who knew how to foresee all things there would be no

chance ; and the events which now appear to us most extraordinary would have their natural and necessary causes in the same manner as do the events which seem most common with us."

"In everything which concerns crime, the same numbers recur with a constancy which can not be mistaken ; and this is the case even with the crimes which seem independent of human foresight—such, for instance, as murders, which are generally committed after quarrels arising from circumstances apparently casual. Nevertheless we know from experience that every year there not only take place nearly the same number of murders, but that even the instruments by which they are committed are employed in the same proportion."

We need only say here, that the statistics of all nations bore out these statements, without exception. It was shown that not only were there immutable averages governing crimes, and great social events, but that the number of marriages were predictable, and that there was a definite number of persons who forgot to prepay letters, or who misdirected them. These became universally known and admitted facts.

M. Quetelet verified his principle of the pervading presence of fixed laws, by discovering them in the very regions which symbolized chance. The games of chance were shown to be games of certainty. For instance, in throwing dice it was proved that in 5000 throws the various sides of the die had come uppermost in about equal numbers ; an average was kept up : and as more and more throws were made, it was shown that at last unity itself would be reached. So also in the drawing of white and black balls from a bag, they came out at first in irregular proportions,—i. e., a black ball might be drawn out six times to a white ; but Quetelet caused 4096 drawings to be made, and the mean appeared.

Had he lived in the days of Faust, he would have been inevitably burnt as one familiar with the black art ; for, starting out with his principle, he made several predictions which were verified. One example will suffice. When, in 1827, the statistics of the tribunals of France and Belgium appeared, this great statist wrote as follows : "In 1826 our (Belgium) tribunals condemned 84 individuals out of 100 accused ; and the French tribunals 65 ; the English tribunals have also condemned 65 per cent. during the last twenty years. Thus, out of 100 accused, 16 only have been acquitted with us, and 85 in France, as in England. These

two latter countries, so different in manners and in laws, pronounced, however, in the same manner on the fate of the unfortunate submitted to their judgments; whilst our kingdom, so similar to France by its institutions, acquits a half less of the accused. Should the cause of this difference be sought in the fact that we have not the institution of the jury which our neighbors have? We think it is so." "The preceding, then, will lead us to the conclusion, *that when 100 accused come before the tribunals, whether criminal or correctional, or simple police, 16 will be acquitted if they have to be dealt with by judges, and 35 if they have to be dealt with by a jury.*"

The very next year after Quetelet had announced this, the revolution came which detached Belgium from the kingdom of the Netherlands, and gave it the institution of trial by jury. Immediately the acquittals coincided with the averages of France and England!

The tremendous bearing of such facts as these on the Problem of Evil, and the moral ability of man, are perfectly obvious. The general fact that each year inexorably claimed and received its *quantum* of sinners, seemed to place the individuals whose crimes made up the average in a condition of helplessness before the Law. They seemed *impressed* to the behest of an irresistible average. The Parcæ seemed about to revive, and again, with distaff, twist and shears, to preside over the destinies of man.

We must turn now to another part of the subject indicated in the heading of this article. The Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati is like similar associations throughout the country, only better: it has a Library quite large and useful, if not very select; it has the very best reading-room in the States (we speak advisedly); it has pretty fair lecturers during the winter season, perhaps above the average, who give the usual amount of interesting and spicy matter to the public. During the present season the association aforesaid has been the means of giving us one lecture from the Rev. T. S. King, of Boston, and three from the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York.

The Rev. Mr. King is a man prone to the *funny* side of things. He is a very Lutheran for laughter. When his interesting facts and stories are about to launch on the great deep of philosophical conclusion, *presto!* instead of a head-splitting theorem, you have a side-splitting joke. In the lecture referred to, Mr. King brought

before us, under the fine title of the "Laws of Disorder," the striking statistics to which we have alluded, as arranged by Quetelet, Buckle and the Life-Assurance Magazines. He had the good sense not to evade the results of his statements: he did not try and show us that when one was said, it meant three; neither did he affirm. However, if the doctrine began to look perilous, he relieved it with a joke; telling us that a lady of his acquaintance interpreted the proportion of 106 males to 100 females to mean that a hundred women were as good as a hundred and six men,—and so forth. But Mr. King's statements made their mark: when the laugh died away, the people began to think; and articles appeared in two of our daily journals, indicating that the public mind had labeled these facts, *Whatever is, is right*.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows is not a funny man: he is a talker, a very fine talker. He is the Don Quixote of Theorists; the Rufus Choate of theologic pleading. He knows very well that any fool may prove black black, and white white; but that it takes a clever fellow "to show that black is white, and that sea-green is yellow." Give him opportunity, and he will equally deny or affirm you any proposition whatever. We do not mean that he will affirm anything that he does not believe; but that he will convince himself of it, and then plead for it eloquently and strongly.

In the second of his three Lectures on Social Diseases, this gentleman repeated the statistics which Mr. King gave us; and which, because our readers are not likely to be ignorant of them, we will not repeat here. He referred to the conclusions which had been drawn from these statistics in our vicinity, which he was pleased to call misinterpretations. "These facts (said Dr. Bellows) do not at all implicate the free-will of man; they only show the direction which man's free-will has taken, and attest the uniformity of its results! No individual will is bound by these results."

Of course, not. Neither did Galileo's "results" make the Earth go round the Sun.

The argument of the Necessarian is this: If it is shown and admitted that human free-action produces such and such uniform results from year to year, only varied by ascertainable causes; if this is so regular that not only the averages of birth and death, but of the projects of love and the impulses of passion, *may be predicted*—can free-agency in any philosophical sense be predicated of men?

Dr. Bellows evades the question with a trick of words as Mr. King does with a jest. We are reminded of Göthe's lines—

"For just where ideas fail us  
A word enters in the nick o' time :  
With words we can glibly fence,  
With words build up a system :  
In words we can have all trust,  
From a word no iota can be robbed."

No one was more interested in the project of Asylums for the Inebriate, than Dr. Bellows. An Asylum, in its essential idea, supposes external evils, or evils outside the moral ability. Criminals, we put in jails and penitentiaries; the *diseased* in mind or body, we place in Asylums: the former are punitive, the latter curative. Now if it be decided that the passion for strong drink is a disease, and is to be cured as insanity, why may the same rule not apply to any overpowering passion? How many crimes are made as necessary as the physical complexion or stature of men, when the parent of vices, Drunkenness, is decided to be hereditary or beyond volition? We name this feature of the times because it is significant of the progress of intelligence among the people: it marks where the tide of popular knowledge (which is simply a perception of Law) has reached. The Indian who was accused of murder, pleaded *Not Guilty*, "for," he said, "the whiskey did it." The people have come up to his thought and set there the Asylum for the Inebriate. And from the vantage-ground so attained, they will see that there are other kinds of whiskey than the alcoholic; they will see that deadly intoxications are distilled out of past generations into men who know not what they do in their crimes, but who are really casting off their blood's infection in the only possible way. For eruption is the health of a disease, and not the disease itself. The plea of insanity is so often made, and so successfully, that it has become a subject of ridicule with the superficial. But man walks by the laws of equilibrium long before he discovers them; and so our juries have an instinct that frequently guides to the place where physiology, and the study of temperaments and nerves, will inevitably set the normal precedent in the future.

To this it is replied that our consciousness contradicts it. Dr. Johnson to Boswell is quoted: "Sir, we *know* that our will is free, and that's an end on't." We know no such thing; we



know only that we *think* we know it. Consciousness is only *what we think we know*. But the consciousness of Saul the persecutor gives way to the subsequent consciousness of Paul the apostle. There are wise reasons why the earth should *seem* flat when it is round; or why a stick thrust into the water should *seem* broken at the point of contact. Nature teaches laws by illusions. Nothing but the *quasi*-freedom of the human will could have begun the work which a realization of God working within could perfect. But, it is said, this makes man irresponsible, taking away guilt and remorse. As well talk of taking away the pain of a gash in the flesh. Evil is a disease, and guilt is its attendant pain.

As for the effect of this on the moral character and purity, or on human activity, the charge that it is hostile to these only shows that the blind men are still given to judging colors. They are deciding *what effect they imagine it would have on themselves if they believed it*; they do not believe it nor see it. With such no *a priori* reasoning can be had. But we can point to the facts of experience which set aside their superficial conclusions. The Greeks were fatalists, and did the most enduring work. Did the doctrine of Decrees paralyze the moral sense and power of the Puritans? Or, to come to individuals, did it make Mohammed less active that he made Destiny his central idea? Was Calvin less energetic than Wesley? Is Carlyle, an earnest believer in Necessity, less of a reformer than Dr. Bellows with his free-will fancies?

Experience has shown exactly the opposite of all the results which Arminianism had so eagerly prophesied as to come of the emasculating tendencies of believing in Destiny. It has shown that the great actors in history have felt themselves to be Scourges of God—Men of Destiny. They say, with Luther, "Here I stand; I can not otherwise." In the moment of greatest power they cry, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory." The men to whom, taught by history, we look for revolutions and new influxes of life, are those who feel their heart-throbbings to be of the pulses of God, who feel the eternal dignity of their inspirations. These rise to be more than mere men; they become the hand of God shaping the world to his thought. Of such it is said in the ancient proverb, *Equally tremble before God, and a man dear to God.*

## MY SCULPTURED PALACE WALLS.

—  
"I love my Love,  
And my Love loves me."

THIS iterative phrase sums up as well, perhaps, as any other that which is at once the great mystery and the great simplicity of Life. For if there be anything which baffles philosophic analysis and mental research, it is LOVE. As well might the chemist attempt to analyze the odor of musk—persistent, intangible, pervading. And yet there is nothing so simple as Love. It is to the soul what Light is to the world: so common that we do not regard it as strange; so vivifying that he has not lived who has not loved, any more than the plant has lived which has vegetated into a white, fibreless stem in a dark cellar. So fructifying is it, that they only bear fruit who have been steeped in Love. So universal and patent is it, that there is no action, be it never so common and menial and mechanical, which is not prompted, directly or indirectly, by Love: as some philosophers tell us that the sun is the cause of all material life and motion. One day, Stephenson, the elder, saw a locomotive whisking over the iron road a heavily loaded train; he declared that sun-light moved that train—sun-light shed down in the geologic ages on tree and plant, gradually becoming incorporated with them, to change in time into the coal which Stephenson had made the world's Common Carrier. And so Love is gathered up and garnered into our very being. Are we not all the children of Love? Love was at our generation, our conception, and our birth. Love fed us from the breast in infancy; Love guarded us in childhood, and guided us in youth. When the dear mother went to her home, and the aged father soon joined her, was there not Love for us still? Brothers, sisters, friends—all shed Love upon us, some more, some less. As one star shines with a greater or lesser brilliancy than another, so with all who have preceded us. They were the children of Love.

Love made the Greek strong, the Roman brave, the Mediæval man gallant. Whatever, therefore, there is in our civilization—the coal that supplies the motive power to most of us,—of bravery and chivalry, aye, and of learning, too,—is the result of Love.

Love is subtle: it has as many forms as Proteus; as many hands as Briareus; as many eyes as Argos — and each eye constantly seeks some new work for each hand to do.

"I love my Love,  
And my Love loves me."

These are very simple words, though they have haunted me with a strange fascination. I do not recall the name of their author, nor the place of their occurrence. A friend has just told me that they are what one little bird sings to another in some verses for children. It matters not.

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

And these words, homely as the homeliest flower a weed wears for its crown, have driven me in upon myself far away from all contact with the material — into the hidden galleries of the memory where are sculptured all the events of my Past.

Layard found in Nineveh that the kings built their records into their palace-walls, the inscriptions serving as an ornament, like the patterns on our paper-hangings.

There are such sculptured palace-walls in my memory. To visit these; to recall the emotions that once stirred me; to look at the inscriptions, here angular and sharp and jagged with recent pain, there smoothed and polished by consoling Time; to forget others and study myself; to let my Now-Life (as the Greeks would say) sleep and waken my Then-Life; to be young and hopeful, whereas I am now so no longer — how imperative at times; how delightful and improving always!

What though she whom I call my Goddess be another's? In these halls it is again the luxuriant summer-eve when she walked with her hand upon my arm, as I told her of my hopes and fears. Once more the tenderness of heart which then made my tones mellow and round, suffuses me. Once more the great joy which choked my utterance and made my words few, swells within me. Once more the little shell of present good which the ocean of the Future threw at my feet, is an earnest of the good the Happy Isles have in store for Us. Once more her slightest word is great with a hidden sense. Once more her speech, which has but an ordinary meaning to others, comes to my ears fraught with the sweet perfume of Love — as the sailor scents land in a breeze which the

passengers do not remark as different from those they have had all through the voyage. Once more her "Thank you" means "I love my Love," and her smile says, "And my Love loves me." Once more her self-reliant spirit seems to distrust itself in my presence. Once more her quickness, her sharp words, her keen retorts, are but the shaking of charms that my eye may single out my Love from all who surround her. Once more I am weak before her. Once more the dam of my prudence is swept away by the torrent that gushes from my heart. Once more I forget my resolve never to speak to any woman of Love till I am worthy. And once more I tell my story. 'Tis the same old story—

"What safe my heart holds, though no word  
Could I repeat now, if I tasked  
My powers forever, to a third."

"Pass the rest." I have that tablet draped. Perhaps when I am gone the veil may be removed, and others look on what I have kept sacred.

Had I been deceived?

They say that an Ideal Lady walks ever in our Fancy who is all to us that woman can be. They say that she sits on the croup of every knight's saddle, and nerves him to battle. They say that it is her hand that confers the laurel—her kerchief that staunches the blood. Can it be that we gaze into the depths of this Ideal Lady's eyes until some real Lady's eyes have the same meaning? When our Ideal Lady speaks, her tones are hushed, and her words tremble with Love. Can it be, then, that we attribute the tremulousness of the real Lady's tones to Love, when Love is not the cause, but some other emotion, or even some accident of surrounding circumstances?

Had I done so?

Dante loved a Beatrice, immortal and angelic, while the actual Beatrice laughed at him. Can it be that, joined to him in fate, though not in name, I loved a Beatrice and worshipped her, while she laughed at me? Can it be she had no thought of me in all those graces wherewith she robed herself? Was the garment worn for all, and not for me?

They told me afterwards that she played with me and drew a cruel pleasure from my pain. But surely they belied her!

"Pass the rest!"

Another calls her his Love. And by-and-bye in his nest she will sweetly sing this song :

" I love my Love  
And my Love loves me."

He is worthy any woman's love. Yet as I sit in my sculptured palace, here—and here only, mark you—do I pronounce him unworthy her Love. For he can not, he can not love her as I did. Nor can she ever be with him the woman she would have been with me.

Do you think this boastful and vain ? Remember, I may say in my private room what I would not in my parlor. There I should hide the deformed neck. Here I may cast off my cravat, if I will. No, she will never be with him what she might have been with me. I should have treasured the Cremona, and drawn from it such grand wierd tones as the common viol never sounds. He does not know that she is a Cremona. And I ? Yes, that makes me sad. Oh, she would have made me so much wiser, so much better, so much more all that is desirable than I can now be.

Once in a life-time the golden chain of possibility is let down before us. If we seize it, we attain ; if we fail to grasp it — if it elude us, it never comes again !

What grieves me chiefly is, that if she had been mine, and I had attained to pluck the golden fruits, they should have been all poured into her lap ! She can never know the tenderness of desire there was in me to make her happy.

Well, I staked all. I lost ! I have since done something. But, oh, how unlike my attainment has been to what it would have been had she blessed me !

The sun shines upon all the world. It makes the broad meadow glad, fertilizes the glebe, ripens the flowers, and goes even into the caverns and deep holes in the rocks and beautifies them. But there are spots where the sun seems to shine all the year round, and with tender affection. And on these spots there grow such life and beauty that only poets may describe them.

The moon bathes everything in silver. But she kisses Endymion.

She, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, makes fertile all minds that her light falls on, and betters all hearts. Even the dark and bad lose their darkness and grow good in her presence.

But I should have been Endymion, and the Sun should always have shone upon me.

When the sun has withdrawn, the forces of Cold and Death do yet something notable. There are mountains and fields and castled battlements, and the aurora flashes with all its beauty above them. But they are all icy and cold—a ghastly counterfeit of Life.

Possibly I may do something; but it shall have only the strength of ice, and be lighted only by the cold phantasm of shifting Popular Favor—while my mind might have been tropical, and its fruits luxuriant, and the moon might have ever kissed her Endymion!

Do you wonder, then, that, when I see what I am and what I might have been, what I was and what I shall be, I come often to my secret chamber and look at these sculptured walls?

Here I can sit and dream my dreams over, till, dreaming the sweetest of them all, I fall asleep to the lullaby of—

“I love my Love,  
And my Love loves me.”

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Away, haunt thou not me,  
Thou vain Philosophy!  
Little hast thou bestead,  
Save to perplex the head  
And leave the spirit dead.  
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,  
While from the secret treasure-depths below,  
Fed by the skiey shower,  
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,  
Wisdom at once and Power,  
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly?  
Why labor at the dull mechanic oar,  
When the fresh breeze is blowing,  
And the strong current flowing,  
Right onward to the Eternal shore?

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO LABOR; OR, LOW WAGES AND HARD WORK: In Three Lectures, delivered in Boston, November, 1859. By CAROLINE H. DALL. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1860.

Whilst her husband is battling with the religion and the caste of India, Mrs. Dall seems to find India at her door in Boston. The Professor opens his story in the Atlantic with a chapter on "The Brahmin Caste of New England;" and when we read the Laws affecting Women throughout the country—Laws pretty generally given by New England—we feel as if the Professor had hit the nail on the head a little harder than he meant to.

The work before us goes straight to the point; and reading certain eloquent passages we feel that Margaret Fuller's mantle did not pass into heaven with her. Mrs. Dall does not occupy her time or ours with discussing the millennial privilege of voting and going to Congress. She deals with pressing evils, and affirms necessary claims. In these days, when Woman is passing the bridge *Al Sirat*—fine as a hair, sharp as a scimitar's edge—which leads to her Paradise of Development, it is encouraging to have a Voice to call men to their manhood, and show them that it is bound up with the health and safety of their imperiled sisters. We place her final appeal on record: "In the ballads of Northern Europe, a loving sister trod out with her bare feet the nettles whose fibre, woven into clothing, might one day restore her brothers to human form. Your feet are shod, your nettles are gathered: will you tread them out courageously, and so restore to your sisters the nature and the privileges of a blessed humanity?"

EVENINGS AT THE MICROSCOPE; OR, RESEARCHES AMONG THE MINUTER FORMS AND ORGANS OF ANIMAL LIFE. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F.R.S. New York: D Appleton & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

It is verily true, then, as George Herbert announces, "Man is one world and hath another to attend him." But how little do we know of our attendant! How many heedless travelers had passed over those old fields of Mesopotamia, and seen nothing: yet here comes one who knows how to look at pebbles as keenly as stars,—a brick with some human carving on it arrests his attention; he picks it up and scrutinizes it, then begins to dig: then forth shines the ancient and long-buried splendor of Nineveh! But we need not go East for the exploration of buried palaces and marvels; there is no Layard like your microscope. Under it your hair waves, a palm-grove; your skin shows your relation to the ancestral Saurus; and looking at your blood, which is strangely like that of a Kangaroo, you no more wonder that Swedenborg saw the whole Animal Kingdom in a globule of blood. We intend to present our readers with a paper on this subject in some future number of the Dial, and so content



ourselves for the present with advising all who can, to go to Dr. King of this city, obtain his help in getting a good microscope, buy his "Microscopist's Companion" and get Gosse, — then you need not travel to "see the world"; it will come to see you, every atom of it.

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**NEW MISCELLANIES.** By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley; Chaplain in ordinary to the Queen. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

Those words, "Chaplain in ordinary to the Queen," read to us as the epitaph of a Soul. This, then, is the price paid for a man in England. Mr. Kingsley began his career by a noble word for the poor and the wronged: as towers may be measured by the shadows they cast, so may a man's work in these sad days be measured by the persecution which follows it. And when Charles Kingsley preached his discourse, "He hath sent me to preach the Gospel to the poor," this same Queen's Laws which he had arraigned, arraigned him. At the same time was published Alton Locke, in which an earnest heart seemed to pour out its protest. The "Times" and the Bishop leveled their shafts at him: alas, he began to evade his task! The fused ores of his hot heart, an between the moulds prepared for them; spurted here and there, into ancient Alexandria, ancient England, ancient Spain,—anywhere but in the England of to-day, where the comfortable Rectory of Eversley loomed up, and a little beyond it the Chaplaincy to the Queen! How much more tragical, sometimes, Life is than Death! Another Lost Leader:

"Just for a handful of silver he left us—  
Just for a riband to stick in his coat;  
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,  
Lost all the others she lets us devote."

Yet we thank the publishers for promptly producing these Miscellanies. It is a high mead of praise which we can still award Kingsley, that he has never written one dull line. Therefore, O bored reader of books, you can safely undertake this, which is full of lively description and racy, though not always healthy, criticism.

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**VIEWS AND EXPERIENCES OF RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.** By HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1859.

**THE CONCORD OF AGES: OR, THE INDIVIDUAL AND ORGANIC HARMONY OF GOD AND MAN.** By EDWARD BEECHER, D.D., New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

These books, taken together, form a curious study, not only of the idiosyncrasies of the Beechers, but of the phases which Orthodoxy must assume in two classes of minds. Perhaps there was never so much individuality and free-thought endured in the orthodox ranks since Calvin burned Servetus, as now; and this is chiefly due to the Beechers. We have lived to see Calvin's progressive ideas of independent Church government checkmating his dogmatism; and the Beechers have been the first to see how safe they were from the Synods, etc., under their Congregationalism. Despite the howlings of the Observer and the Recorder, and of the Assemblies, Mr. H. W. Beecher "brothers," Parker and

Furness and Chapin; avows his disbelief of Total Depravity, and his indifference as to what Moses thought of Slavery.

It is curious to see Mr. Beecher's remoteness from all clear perception of Theological differences. The recent ideas which he has put forth of the Trinity and the nature of Christ, are the Comedies of the Theological Stage. More than his lecture on Hearts and Heads they show us how completely his religion is a matter of feeling. Here is his brother Edward struggling till the blood-sweat starts on his brow with the terrible problems of Theology; conjuring up a preëxistent state to relieve him, by the drug Mystery, of the intolerable pains of Doubt. But H. W. B. sits looking on in infantine wonder. In these two books, the brothers seem to sit together as Hamlet with the Queen. Enter Phantom problem.

- Edward B.* Look you how pale he glares!  
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capable. \* \*
- H. W. B.* To whom do you speak this?
- E. B.* Do you see nothing there?
- H. W. B.* Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
- E. B.* Nor did you nothing hear?
- H. W. B.* No, nothing, but ourselves.

The Concord of Ages, like the Conflict of Ages, of which it is the counterpart, is valuable as showing one of the many shifts to which clear and active intellects are driven to avoid the stultifications of Calvinism. An honest Thinker here testifies that the doctrine of millions and ages can only be retained by supposing that we are in a Purgatorial World for sins committed in a pre-existent state, and that Christ's mission is to put down a rebellion of Spirits against God; and when that is accomplished, the Universe will be reorganized and start on afresh!

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A HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD. By P. FLOURENS, Secretary of the Academy of Science (Institute of France), &c., &c. Translated from the French, by J. C. REEVE, M.D. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 1859.

This is a very valuable work, and well translated. It is interesting to the most casual reader, and performs much more than its title-page promises. It not only gives an account of the discovery of the Circulation of the Blood,—tracing it beyond Harvey to Servetus, in a copy of whose work, saved from the fire which burnt him and his writings, he (Flourens) read it himself,—but also of the development through Servetus, Galen, Descartes and Malebranche, of a right view of the Vital Spirits, the Temperaments and the Seat of Life.

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THE GREAT TRIBULATION; OR, THINGS COMING ON THE EARTH. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E., &c. &c. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1860. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

Of this theologic ghost-seeing, the less said the better. Dr. Cumming reminds us of Montaigne's neighbor, who never heard a chorus of cackling from the barn-yard, but he rushed out to see if the conflagration of the world had not begun.